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DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

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MR. WEST'S NEW PICTURE, "THE OPENING OF THE SEVEN SEALS."

THERE are boundaries to human powers, but at the same time it is the province of genius to aim at the accomplishment of great designs ; such as never have been and never may be effected. In these efforts to do *more than can be done*, all that can be done is achieved. The failure is only in degree, and the results are the nearest approaches to the perfection attempted.

In the overwhelming subject before us, we are presented with an exertion of genius, which, to the limited capacity of uncivilized man, would be considered no less miraculous than the prodigies of nature which fill his mind with superstition and horror. But in the enlightened and highly cultivated state of society, wonder gives place to admiration, and while we contemplate we analyse.

This daring effort of art anticipates in circumstantial detail a period of the most terrible mystery, of which the mind only catches a glimpse and instantly withdraws, as if the veil of the sanctuary were rent asunder, and it were impossible for humanity to support the unfolded view of things so incomprehensible and so appalling. When seen under the power of prophesy, as a series of events that shall happen in the latter days, we are too deeply interested in the issue to look on

with indifference, or with the emotions which are excited by tragedy, wherein our fate is not involved ; and sympathy faintly supplies the place of personal considerations of the deepest, of eternal consequence.

And pictures are addressed either to the feeling or the understanding ; and in many instances to both. In some of those of the former class painted by Rubens, in conjunction with Snyders, we have no emotions excited but such as might naturally be supposed to spring from the spectacle of gladiators and their savage combats. The mangled bodies of men and beasts belong to this class, and their representation scarcely aspires to a better excitement than disgust. Not far removed in point of elevated sentiment may be stationed such pictures as the Massacre of the Innocents, and most of the martyrdoms. These are equally painful to the sight and are only excused by the motives whence they arose,—to excite detestation of persecution, to inspire fortitude in bearing the cruellest inflictions of barbarity, and to fan that flame of devotion which was esteemed necessary to everlasting happiness. Yet with all these advantages, is it not evident that the alleged causes have failed to pro-

duce the proposed effects, and that, almost universally, these works have come to be considered simply as the proofs of the artist's merit and the criteria of his style?

No picture ever aimed at a higher character more distinctly than that which has led to these remarks. The subject is the most awful and mysterious which a Christian can imagine,—it embraces the final destruction of the human race, and the salvation of the blessed. It is taken from the VIth chapter of Revelations, "*the opening of the seals.*"

"And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard as it were the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, Come and See.

"And I saw, and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering and to conquer.

"And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, Come and See.

"And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was given unto him a great sword.

"And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and See.

"And I beheld, and lo, a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand.

"And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and See.

"And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and hell followed with him. And power was given unto him over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.

"And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held."

When we read this tremendous passage, we are ready to accuse that pencil of temerity, which would venture on its visible representation, and we ask, "does it not exist beyond the reach of art?" The human understanding is lost in its comprehension, and the soul of man wilders in the imagination of but a millionth part of its horrors. Only allow the mind to pursue one of its images, "and his name that sat on him was *Death, and Hell followed with him.*" Who even in the wildest of fancies, can form a conception of this? The Manfred of Lord Byron is as a grain of sand to the universe, in comparison with its dreard array; Milton's pandemonium, the most meagre sketch! And how much

more difficult was the undertaking to place before the sense of sight a picture of that, at the approach to which, as a mere vision of the brain, we are overwhelmed and confounded. As must have been anticipated, the artist has failed; but, as our preliminary observations tend to show, this is a "failure in degree," which, falling short of what was impossible, affords a noble proof of the genius which prompted the trial, and accomplishes a work of the highest order of excellence. Unlike the wicked design of Macbeth, where "the attempt, and not the deed," was ruin; here the deed was unattainable, but the attempt was great, and has been greatly successful.

The centre of the canvas is occupied by the principal figure, Death on the Pale Horse. It is a masterly performance, bold, rapid, and grand. Issuing from a cloudy volume, the supernatural courser paws space in his career, and the crowned spectre that sits on him is sublimely conceived. His right arm is wreathed with a serpent, and each hand grasps a meteoric fascis of desolation. A noble group below the horse's feet on the left indicates one part of the power given to his rider:—a lady lies dead, and her husband and two children in an agony of grief, lament her, while they await their own annihilation. These four figures are finely composed. On the right of the horse the power to kill, "with the beasts of the earth," is expressed with a classic and yet terrible truth. Men in conflict with lions, tigers, bulls, &c. fall sacrifices to their destructive dominion under every form of suffering; tossed, torn, and mangled, they expire in blood and agony. This mingled mass of human desolation is carried out to the edge of the picture by other scenes of death in the distance; and above, in the air, an appropriate and admirable relief is given by the view of a heron killed by an eagle. In a murky congregation of pestilential vapours behind Death, the following of Hell is thrown into gloom and shadow. Unformed and horrid monsters animate the storm. The darkness visible betrays their indistinct and obscene shapes, as

they seem to pursue their ghastly course,

And through the palpable obscure find out
Their uncouth way.

What we have already described fills fully one-half of the picture from the centre to the left of the spectator, while the vision of Hell occupies the middle distance, and stretches towards the right. Before this cloud of infernal forms is the representation of the black horse of the third seal, with its rider, and the balances in his hand. Approaching the foreground there are two figures of Pestilence and Famine, conceived with uncommon vigour, and executed in a most affecting style. Hence, to the right, the opening of the first and second seals obtains a local habitation. The White Horse, and the Saviour of Mankind, with a bow in his hand, going forth conquering and to conquer, is, though not the first in point of pictorial interest, the first in pictorial beauty, of the whole composition. The horse is without trappings or harness, and an exquisite academy study. The head of Christ is in profile, and the eye directed to a beatific vision in the heavens, which shows that his conquering was not of this world. The souls of the blest are here seen rejoicing in the presence of their Redeemer. The simplicity and sublimity of this passage leaves description far off; it must be seen to be felt and understood.

Behind is the red horse in all the array of war; a helmed warrior bestrides him, whose sword, and also his attitude, and attention to a field of battle in perspective, tell that his cruel power over men is that they should kill one another. Two doves in the foreground of these seals (one of them dead) complete, as far as our recollection serves, the prominent objects of this stupendous picture.

It will occur to every mind that the venerable head of the British school has in this production aimed chiefly at the most sublime characteristic art,—to impress the soul of the beholder with devotional awe and holy adoration of the divinity, to whom these are but symbols

and instruments. That he has achieved his purpose, may, we trust be gathered even from our faint outline. But though it has been only a secondary object, it must not be supposed that the mechanical skill belonging to the highest branch of art has been neglected. Mr. West speaks to the heart through the eye. The composition as a whole is truly grand. The spirit of vigorous manhood is in its conception, and the judgment of matured experience in its treatment. There is indeed little regard paid to the fascinations of colouring, or to the mere distribution of light and shadow, though the general tone of colour is suitable to the subject, and the *chiaro-scuro* has not been neglected: but the great excellence of the piece is, that it is addressed to the mind as a sacred lesson, and not by meretricious graces merely to the sight, as a spectacle to be examined and criticised for its means rather than its end. One of the difficulties hardest to be overcome, seems to us to have consisted in the management of the secondary parts, so as to preserve an epic unity in the principal objects, and at the same time allot sufficient dignity to the variety of great episodes, which each of the other seals may be considered. This was rendered more trying from the circumstance of one of these introducing the Son of God himself; for Mr. West's interpretation of Christ being typified by the rider of the White Horse, is borne out by the general context, and by reference to the 45th Psalm, v. 4 and 5. In this respect we conceive him to have been eminently happy; for he has not only surmounted an obstacle of no slight importance, but converted it into a beauty of the foremost order. He has formed through it the finest and most natural contrast; and combining the images of horror and of hope, displayed the fountains of mercy and immortal glory, beyond the reign of devastation and universal wreck.

If we were called on to point out a blemish in the work, we would say that the crossing of the action of the first and second seals is the spot we fix on. The vision of Christ towards heaven traverses

the vision of the warrior towards earth ; and perhaps there is something too much in common between the white and red horses. We know not how these matters could have been avoided ; but it does appear to us that with all the skill exhibited in the endeavour to separate and distinguish the two, there is still too much of the semblance of companionship.

But we will not dash this essay by closing it with even the shadow of fault-finding. Truly we can speak of Death on the Pale Horse from the effect it

produced on our minds, as of one of the most powerful efforts of human genius ; an immortal honour to the extraordinary man who painted it, to the British arts, to the country, and to the age.

The opening of the seals, one of the most terrible mysteries in the Christian religion, seemed almost above the powers of art. But what Milton has achieved in verse, is not faintly followed by West on canvas ; and at the age of eighty years he has, by this effort, in our humble judgment, consummated his immortality.

LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

From the European Magazine.

THE ITALIAN.

TELL me not of our Ariosto and Petrarch !" exclaimed the learned Doctor Busbequius Buonavisa to his nephew Count Blandalma, as they walked in the great square of Padua : " All the books in the Vatican or the Alexandrian library, if they could be found, should never convince me that woman is not an evil. What says the Talmud ? What said the Council of Nice ? and the Koran, and the Institutes of Menu—and—ay, and our own college ?—Do they not all agree that the Creator did not send woman till he was asked, lest we should tax him with malice ?—' Woe to the father of daughters !' said the Rabbi Ben Sirai ; and I answer—Woe to husbands !"

" Sir," replied the young man, meekly, " I might also defy you to shew me any poet, historian, or philosopher, from Hesiod to Voltaire, who has not contradicted himself at least six times on this subject."

" Well, boy, well !—and what does that prove, except that when women were created, fools became necessary ?—But what were they in Hesiod's days, and what are they now ? Ask Ovid, Lucian, Terence, or Petronius !—Hear the English sage in 1617—' For what end,' says he, ' are women so new-fangled, unstaid, and prodigious in their attitudes, unbefitting age, place, quality, or condition ?—Why do they deck them-

selves with coronets, pendants, chains, girdles, rings, spangles, and versicolour ribbands ? Why are their glorious shews with scarfs, fans, feathers, furs, masks, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, calls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, cloth of gold and silver ?—To what end are their crisped hair, painted faces, gold-fringed petticoats, baring of shoulders and wrists ? Such stiffening with cork—streightening with whalebone—sometimes crushed and crucified—anon in lax clothes, a hundred yards I think in a gown and sleeve ? then short, up, down, high, low, thick, or thin ? making themselves, like the bark of a cinnamon tree, best outside !"—Answer me, Signor Ludovico Blandalma, answer me."

" There can be no answer, uncle, to such a congregation of questions, unless I repeat the catechism of your friend Jacobus de Voragine, who composed it, perhaps, when he meditated matrimony. ' Hast thou means ?—thou hast one to keep and increase them—Hast none ?—thou hast one to help thee.—Art in prosperity ?—thy happiness is doubled—Art in adversity ? she'll comfort and direct thee—Art at home ?—she'll drive away melancholy—Art abroad ?—she'll wish and welcome thy return—There is no delight without society—no society like a wife's."

" Hold, hold !" interrupted Doctor Busbequius—" listen to the obverse side—' Hast thou means ?—thou hast one

to spend them—Hast none?—thy beggary is increased—Art in prosperity?—thy share is ended—Art in adversity?—she'll make it like Job's.—Art at home?—she'll scold thee out of doors—Art abroad?—if thou beest wise, keep thee so. Nothing easier than solitude, no solitude like a bachelor's.—Why, how now? Whence comes that offuscation of face, Ludovico?"

"Nothing, Sir," replied the nephew, smiling, with downcast eyes—"a flush, perhaps, from indigestion."

"Fuliginous vapours, child! Savanarola and Professor Menadous prescribe diazinziber, diacapers, and diacinnamomum, with the syrup of borage and scolopendra, to remove them. This is an irregular syncopatic pulse, which indicates a chronic disease."

"Very possibly, dear uncle, for I have taken a wife."

"By the heart of man! (which is no profane oath, as I know not what the thing is made of) I am glad to hear it!—A wife, saith the Hindoos, is the staff and salvation of her husband; meaning, no doubt, that she chastises him in this world. I congratulate thee, Ludovico, on thy progress through purgatory."

"Spare your raillery," answered Blandalma, with a deeper flush, "I should not have announced my marriage to a cynic so professed, if I had not also had reason to acknowledge my conversion to his system, and my intended separation from——"

"From your wife, nephew!" interposed the cynic, charmed with this opportunity to reason on both sides of the question—"abstractedly, a wife is an evil, but relatively she is a benefit, because she exercises the cardinal virtues."

"Sir, there was no enduring her diabolical temper."

"That is another prejudice of ignorance, nephew. We have no reason to believe that Satan has a woman's tongue; but, admitting that a shrewish temper and a demoniacal one are synonymous, I can suggest a remedy. When your wife is eloquent, answer her in the words of Aristophanes—"Brecc, ckex, ko-ax, ko-ax, oop—oop!"—Or there is another expedient:—the stones in this market-place, as you know, were once

employed as public seats of exhibition for all the insolvent debtors in Padua, and they would be equally useful if vixens were required to stand on them barefoot. I have no doubt that the famous circle at Stonehenge was contrived by the wisdom of ancient Britons for that purpose."

Whether either or both these expedients would have been successful, remains in eternal doubt, as the next moment brought Ludovico a special messenger, announcing the death of his wife on her way to the baths of Pisa. As this event happened at a distance so convenient, there was no occasion for much solemnity of mourning; one of her relatives, with whom he was not personally acquainted, had arranged her funeral; and Ludovico carried his sable mockery to "midnight dances and the public show" with great satisfaction. But, as custom is second nature, the unusual tranquillity which he now enjoyed became gradually an incumbrance, and he began to regret the varieties and inequalities of his domestic life. His uncle, after quoting Isocrates, Seneca, Epictetus and every other ancient reasoner against melancholy, prescribed travelling, and determined to accompany him in his tour through the Mediterranean isles himself. As a busy indolence was Ludovico's only motive, and his uncle had none except his delight in curious research among antiquities, their first disembarkation was on the isle of Mytilene—"Here," said Dr. Busbequius, as they walked from the ship's boat along the windings of a graceful coast, and looked towards a cassino half covered with orange-blossoms—"here is the fit residence for a man whose imagination can give no flashes of light except on a summer's day, like a Swedish marigold—here, in the ancient Lesbos, the court of Cytherea, and consequently exempt from shrews, as all isles are usually safe from scorpions."—Ludovico sighed in silence, and approached the garden-gate, where the owner stood awaiting their arrival. The terms of their admission as temporary guests were easily concluded with Signor Furbino, who received them with Italian civility. But when they required his signature to the contract, he

informed them, that ceremony would be performed by his daughter.—“I abhor all reference to female wisdom,” said Dr. Busbequius—“it always makes a man more uneasy than his own: Why must we have a female signature?”—“Sir,” replied the master of the villa, “I have been naturalized in this island long enough to acquaint you with its laws. Here the eldest daughter possesses all the rights allotted to a first-born son in other countries: the second is her menial servant, wears only a coarse brown garb, and is condemned to celibacy. If unfortunately a third daughter arrives, she claims all that her parents may have accumulated since the eldest’s birth, and the fourth in succession is her servant, or Calogria. Thus, gentlemen, our daughters are alternately heiresses and slaves, and our sons must seek their fortunes in other lands, or be humble vassals at home, since all the wealth, liberty, and power belong to our wives.”—“Why, then,” exclaimed the philosopher, “this is worse than Egyptian bondage; even in Cleopatra’s days, her subjects allowed women to command only one day in the year! Sir, it is plain you require a courageous leader to break these hideous fetters; and if you dare follow me, I will harangue your countrymen in their senate-house till they resolve on emancipation.”—“You would find none but women there, Sir!” answered Furbino, laughing; “and your own emancipation would be rather doubtful. As for myself, I am not very unfortunate, being a widower with only two daughters; but I must act as the steward of the eldest, and one of you, gentlemen, must sign this contract in her presence.”

Highly amused by his uncle’s vehement indignation and eagerness to combat this prodigious system, Bandalma willingly ceded to his seniority the privilege of guaranteeing the contract. With his college peruke placed on one side, his left arm behind, and his right advanced with the roll of parchment in the posture of Cicero’s statue, Dr. Busbequius presented himself before the Lesbian lady, who sat alone in a superb apartment, leaning on her embroidery.—“Madam;” said the philosopher, ele-

vating his eyebrows, and fixing his round person precisely erect, “though every code of laws and every national opinion, from the *lex Julia* of the Romans to the talk of a Catawba chief, allows us to form contracts, either public or domestic, without female aid, I am instructed that your consent is necessary before we can be domiciliated here.”—“Is talking your profession?” said the Lesbian, fixing her large bright eyes on her orator—“if it is, you shall teach my macaw. I want him to learn Italian with a pure academical accent; and I admit no strangers unless they conform to our customs. Have you any name or business here?”—“My name,” retorted her guest, “which was never asked before without respect, is Busbequius Buonavisa, physician and professor of philology in Padua; and when my nephew has recovered his health, I thank Heaven, I shall have no business here.”—“Now!” said Lesbia, “does a physician dare to see a sick man?”—“What would our academy have to do, madam, if men were not sick?”—“Nothing, Mr. Busbequius; and therefore our custom is to chastise a physician every day until his patient recovers.”—“But, good lady, my nephew is only sick in mind, and requires no medicine except wine and a clear atmosphere, which, as Boerhaave saith——”—“I have no objection to hear you talk,” interrupted Lesbia, “provided you are useful in the meantime—either hold my lap-dog, or this skein of silk while I unwind it. But is not your real name Boerhaave? I have seen your face before in his picture; and if I could learn Latin, I would read his works, and be physician-general to the island.”

The latter part of this speech so nearly resembled a compliment, that it reconciled him to the first; and Dr. Busbequius, forgetting how ill his portly resemblance to Boerhaave qualified him for a silk-winder, quietly performed that office while he made an oration on medical science, and ended it by signing the contract as Lesbia dictated. It must be confessed that she unravelled her silk with fingers of exquisite beauty, and employed eyes whose brilliance was heightened by the artificial eyebrow and

rich complexion peculiar to Mytilene. The philosopher returned to his nephew in a very eloquent mood, and disturbed his rest more than half the night by descanting on the absurdity of this island's customs, and the necessity of correcting them. Before day-break, he had convinced himself that it would be wisest to enlighten and reform the ladies of Mytilene, and for this purpose he resolved to teach Lesbia Latin. Blandalma shrugged his shoulders at his uncle's quixotism; but, as the sovereign lady of the family did not require or permit his attendance, he resolved to enjoy the pleasures of her villa. And as his former sufferings had disposed him to compassion, he took some pains to acquaint himself with her younger sister, whom the fantastical laws condemned to perpetual servitude. After many solitary rambles in the orangery, he saw a female there laboriously arranging its trellis in a dark brown habit of the coarsest cloth and most ungraceful form, with a long and thick veil which concealed all her face. Her hair was closely gathered under her hood, and her hands appeared of an olive tint roughened by labour. It was not difficult to recognise the unfortunate Calogria in this costume; and if her fate had been less entitled to benevolent concern, she would have won it by the meek humility in her gestures, as she offered her basket of oranges. This simple action, though probably due to the languor of his faded countenance, was sufficient to claim Blandalma's gratitude, and to manifest the natural grace and courtesy of the Calogria. As the custom of Mytilene forbids that unhappy class of females to converse with strangers, she made no verbal reply to his civility, but her silence had more charms than eloquence. Nor was Ludovico slow in observing her activity and skill in her father's household, and patient submission to the tasks imposed on her by her capricious and imperious sister. She had no leisure, perhaps no wish, to cultivate finer talents; yet she found means to display the sweetness of her voice in Lesbian songs, and to prove a delicate and ready wit in her brief replies to the billets hazarded by Ludovico. For the mystery which involved their intercourse soon touched his imagination sufficiently to rouse him from indifference, and the obstacle created by the laws of Mytilene became an incitement. This mystery, and its enlivening effect on his mind, would not have escaped inquisition, if his uncle's attention had not been equally occupied. With a serious and declared design to convince Lesbia of the follies authorized by the custom of the isle, he visited her apartment daily, and soon discovered that her mind, if properly enlightened, would incline to exchange an absurd prerogative for the softer influence allowed to females. At first Lesbia seemed curiously interested in the enormous volumes brought by her new teacher, who collected the most ancient and ample ones on the subject of due supremacy and subordination. But Lesbia never reasoned, though she argued continually; and it was not easy to debate with an opponent who answered the gravest arguments by a laugh or a jest. And as she always found some employment for him during his harangues, poor Busbequius spent half his time in regulating her aviary, selecting bouquets, and holding her music-book while she adapted the odes of the first Lesbian poetess to the half-antique lyre still used in Mytilene. After a few interviews, he discovered that her figure in the picturesque costume of her island would afford Italian sculptors an admirable model of an Amazon; that her modern Greek manuscripts deserved a place in the academy of Pisa; and that she might be rendered a very useful amanuensis if her notions of female independence could be subdued. Instigated, as he always said, by no motive but the public good, our professor lengthened his visits every day, and certainly enlarged his fund of science. For Lesbia persecuted him with questions respecting the dress of his countrywomen, and would not understand his descriptions till he endeavoured to exemplify them by tying on his cloak and folding his official scarf in the style of a Paduan lady. And as she found his education very deficient, she told him, in the most important points; she compelled him to pour her coffee, arrange her work-table, and carry her parasol, which he endured

with tolerable grace, as his obedience was an easy price for her attention to his precepts. With all the dignity and self-approbation of a martyr to the cause of philosophy, Dr. Busbequius sat by her side, gravely learning to knit while Lesbia pretended to read Cicero's letters respecting his wife's domestic virtues of industry and meekness, in a tone of profound attention and respect. We must confess these studies were often interrupted by a symphony on the Lesbian lyre, which she touched with skill enough to have enchanted Ludovico himself, whose first quarrel with his deceased wife had been because she refused to learn the science he idolized.

After some weeks had passed, the philosopher, one day, accosted his nephew with a mysterious air; and having intimated, rather awkwardly, that public benefits sometimes require private sacrifices, announced his intended marriage with Lesbia. "Superior reason," said he, assuming a sublime tone, "has determined her to leave this seat of barbarous prejudices, and to learn the true graces of her sex in Italy. After this, Ludovico, let no one doubt the prevailing force of masculine rhetoric, wisdom, and perseverance."

Blandalma had not been wholly blind to the progress of his uncle's wisdom; but as it had furnished both a shelter and an excuse for his own, he made no attempt to oppose it; and very complacently inquired how he intended to convey a bride from a place where marriages with aliens are unfavourably viewed. The philosopher had formed a plan to elude all obstacles, and proposed that their felucca should be equipped as if for a short excursion, and Lesbia invited to partake it. Blandalma listened with unfeigned pleasure to a scheme which accorded so well with one he did not yet venture to avow. He felt, it is true, some pity on his uncle's account, when he saw him fascinated by wit and beauty into a ridiculous union; but congratulated himself that his second choice was founded on the sure attractions of a meek and well-subdued temper. Never doubting that the Calogria would be permitted to accompany her

sister in the projected voyage, Blandalma instantly provided his felucca with a trusty crew, and took his station in the cabin, as his uncle requested, to receive the fair companion of their adventure with due respect. He had never yet been admitted into her presence, as his indolent indifference had provoked the capricious haughtiness of her temper; and he, on his part, expected to see a face as shrewishly forbidding as some degree of youth and beauty could permit in Lesbia, and the utmost softness in her sister's, which he had never yet seen unveiled. But when the lady entered, triumphantly ushered by his uncle, and threw aside her boat-cloak, he recognized, notwithstanding the artificial eyebrows and high vermillion added to suit her Lesbian costume, the features of *his own wife*. Astonishment at this resurrection, and perhaps a sensation not unlike horror, were so visible in his face, that Dr. Busbequius stood aghast, and mechanically felt for his lancet in expectation of a swoon. The Countess Blandalma, less surprised at the effect of her appearance, bent humbly to her husband, and inquired if he was still disposed to cultivate her Calogria's favour. Ludovico made a confused and angry answer, that it no longer depended on himself. "It depends on you alone," she replied, laughing; "your uncle has learnt to excuse your former submission to my fancies, and I have learnt how to render it easy. With all my fantastical pretensions to dominion, he did not think me intolerable; and without wit, beauty, or elegance, you found me very interesting in the cloak and veil of a dumb Calogria. When I wish for success in the art of pleasing, I have only to remember the industry and meekness you admired at Mytilene: and you will probably forgive my pretended death, which allowed you so much happiness."

Blandalma had good-humour and good-sense; and as he knew she had acquired the art of being silent sometimes, he very frankly forgave the stratagem practised to regain him. Her uncle Furbino, by whom the principal part had been sustained, accompanied them back to their former residence in Italy,

where their conjugal happiness became a proverb ; while his honest uncle Busbequius wrote two folios to prove that celebrated truth—" Silence is the ornament of woman." V.
Sept. 1817.

LORD AMHERST'S LATE EMBASSY TO CHINA.

From the Literary Gazette, Nov. 1817.

JOURNAL OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE LATE EMBASSY TO CHINA, &c. BY HENRY ELLIS, THIRD COMMISSIONER OF THE EMBASSY. (Continued.)

IN our preceding Number we accompanied our Embassy up the Peiho river to Tien-sing, a city of the first magnitude in China, of which and its inhabitants the view obtained by Mr. Ellis enabled him to give the following description.

" In passing through the streets it was impossible not to be struck with the silence and regularity of the crowds of spectators : although every countenance expressed curiosity, scarcely an observation was made ; there was no pointing with fingers ; and though the streets may be said to have been lined with soldiers at inconsiderable intervals, the exercise of their authority did not seem necessary to maintain tranquillity. The streets were narrow, regular, and paved with large stones, brought from some distance. Whatever taste belongs to Chinese architecture, seems chiefly directed to the roofs ; the pediments are in general elegant and highly decorated. Dwelling-houses were of one story, built of solid brick-work. We crossed a bridge over the river, the surface of which was scarcely visible from junks.

" On the hall of reception itself (where the Embassy had had a conference and entertainment with the Mandarins from Court) there was little to remark ; it had altogether the appearance of a temporary erection. We dined at the upper end, and the lower was occupied by the stage. Chinese dinners, with the succession of dishes served upon trays, one of which is placed before one or two persons, according to their rank, have been so accurately described, that I shall not pretend to enter into any detail. The custard and the preserved fruits with which the dinner commenced were very palatable : I cannot say that I much liked the bird-nest soup ; it was too gelatinous and insipid or my taste ; nor did the various addi-

tions of shrimps, eggs, &c. improve the compound ; the shark fins were not more agreeable. The Chinese eat as well as drink to each other ; and a Mandarin, who stood behind us, regulated the times of commencement, both in the dishes and cups of wine. The wine was heated and had not an unpleasant flavour ; it is not unlike Sherry. The dresses of the actors and the stage decorations were very splendid, and there was noise and bustle enough to satiate the eyes and ears ; even those who understand Chinese were not able to trace any story in the performance, which seemed to be more of the nature of the melo-drama than comic or tragic representation. The part of a stag was the best performed in the piece... The instrumental music, from its resemblance to the bagpipes, might have been tolerated by Scotchmen ; to others it was detestable. Of the same description was the singing. Our admiration was justly bestowed upon the tumblers, who yield to none I have ever seen in strength and agility ; their feats were executed with particular neatness. In splendour of appearance, the Mandarins did not stand any competition with the actors, who were blazing with gold ; it was suggested that their costumes were the ancient habits of the nation.

" The dress of ceremony of the Mandarins, consisting of blue gauze or crape, with some flowered satin beneath, is plain and not unbecoming ; an embroidered badge, marking their rank whether civil or military, is fixed upon their robe before and behind. The peacock's feather, or more properly tail of peacock's feather, answering to our orders of knighthood, is worn behind. Two of these decorations are equivalent to the garter. The momentary rank of a person is not to be ascertained from his Mandarin ornaments. A Mandarin with a white button sat next

to the Chinese Commissioners with only the intervention of a pillar, while one in a clear blue button sat below him, and one with a peacock's feather walked about the court the whole time of the conference. The commission of present office would seem to fix the immediate rank.

"There was no sign of extreme poverty among the people in the streets; on the contrary, the majority were clean and decently dressed, and their appearance bespoke them to be well fed; some of the younger were not ill-looking."

On the 14th, the day after their unsatisfactory congress, the Embassy left Tien-Sing, and proceeding through a double line of junks innumerable, held on their course for Peking. But they now began to feel the effects of their resistance to the prostrations required in approaching the throne of this Emperor of slavish ceremonies. The Mandarins durst not even read our Prince Regent's letter, because it was forsooth too familiarly addressed to the Chief of the Celestial Empire, as "Sir, my Brother;" and many petty obstacles were raised to show our Commissioners that they were no longer in favour. One of the most prominent, was a mandate from the Emperor to send back the band on board the ships, which was (oh fearful!) written in red ink; and great displeasure was expressed on its being understood that the vessels had sailed, so as to render compliance with this childish command impracticable.

We confess that to us there does seem that something disingenuous was practised in dismissing the ships. Their having sailed was not stated at once in answer to the order to dismiss the band, but an equivocal answer was substituted. In truth, to speak our mind freely, this appears to have been the error of the whole Embassy. Chinese diplomacy and cunning, and over-reaching, and falsehood, were never distinctly and boldly met with characteristic British honesty, simplicity, and truth: but shifts and evasions were tried; less potent arts were resorted to as a protection against trickery which knew no bounds either moral or political; and it is not surprising that we were foiled at weapons so incongenial to our national feelings and habits. Indeed it is a subject of congratulation,

that we were so beaten. We do not think either the Mandarins or their master would have stood so good a chance, had diplomatic manœuvring been altogether discarded, and no address used but the unreserved declarations of our purpose in the language of sincerity and truth.

As it was, the *Ko-tou* became an endless topic of discussion. The Emperor sends word he will not receive the Embassy if it is to be omitted. It is offered, if a Mandarin of equal rank will perform the same to the Prince Regent's portrait, or if the first Chinese Ambassador sent to London shall be ordered to fulfil our ceremonies; but these negotiations end in smoke, and the Commissioners land within eighty miles of Peking to await the "Son of Heaven's" determination. In consequence of an insincere compromise they again set out, and the trackers, singing as they go, drag them up the river. These trackers, though hard worked, seem somewhat independent, for they more than once struck for wages.

The following traits of China are noticed, previous to their arrival at Tong-Chow. Complaining of the intolerable stench in the boat, occasioned by "a choice preparation of stinking fish, which is eaten by the boatmen with their rice," the Journal says,—

"Eating is looked upon by the Chinese as a most important concern, and would seem to be going on all day, but they probably eat little at a time: their principal meal is in the evening; the character of their dishes is greasy insipidity, and they are prized by them in proportion to their invigorating effects.

"Some of the large junks we have passed seem handsomely fitted up, and their inhabitants have been observed to be of respectable appearance. Junks, on which officers of government are embarked, have placards to distinguish them; the characters inscribed are generally cautions to the people, to preserve tranquillity, and not to obstruct their passage. * * * * *

"The bank of the river is in places artificially formed with earth and straw mixed, and the materials for repairing it are collected in heaps at small intervals."

Corpses are frequently seen floating on the river.

Our countrymen were not treated with the utmost attention at this time. Their supplies were scanty; yet such is the responsibility of ministers, that several high Mandarins are punished, because they could not overcome Lord Amherst's refusal to perform the Ko-tou. This, however, they pressed insolently enough, and at Tong-chou, where the conferences were renewed, endeavoured strongly to enforce a belief that it was a high honour to be so debased in the Celestial Empire; the Koong-Yay, one of the greatest men, vehemently asserting, "that as there is but one sun, there is only one Tawhang-te; he is the universal sovereign, and all must pay him homage." Threats of being sent back, a personal attack on Sir George Staunton, complaints of the manner in which trade had lately been conducted, were next employed *seriatim*; but Lord Amherst remained firm, and would not consent to have his head nine times knocked on the floor upon any consideration.

From Tong-chow they were hurried, travelling all night, to Peking, stared at like wild beasts, and an attempt made literally to force them at once into the presence of the Emperor. This was resisted, and an excuse of indisposition sent instead of the real apology, viz. the fatigue of travelling all night, and the want of their dresses. The consequence was, that the enemies of the Embassy had an opportunity of persuading their sovereign, that he was disrespectfully treated, and balked by unfounded apologies; and the Embassy was ordered to depart forthwith. This affords another proof that "a round unvarnished tale" would have been better than diplomatic sinuities, and that, in all relations of life, honesty is the best policy.

We are sorry that these affairs have demanded so much of our attention, and therefore now gladly take our leave of Chinese politics, to confine our remaining strictures to the appearance, manners, habits, and characteristics of the country and people.

A stay of a few hours only furnishes a slight picture of Peking. Its walls are built of brick, with a foundation of stone:—

"They are of considerable thickness, the body of them being of mud, so that

the masonry may be considered a facing: there is not, however, sufficient strength at the top to allow of guns of large calibre being mounted in the embrasures. At all the gates, and at certain intervals, there are towers of immense height, with four ranges of embrasures, intended for cannon: I saw none actually mounted, but in their stead there were some imitations in wood. Besides the tower, a wooden building of several stories marked the gateways; one of these buildings was highly decorated; the projecting roofs diminishing in size according to their height, were covered with green and yellow tiles, that had a very brilliant effect under the rays of the sun. A wet ditch skirted the part of the walls round which we were carried. Peking is situated in a plain; its lofty walls, with its numerous bastions and stupendous towers, certainly give it an imposing appearance, not unworthy the capital of a great empire. On the side near Haiteen we crossed a large common, wholly uncultivated; a remarkable circumstance so near Peking. There are large tracts of ground covered with the *Nelumbium*, or water lily, near the walls, which, from the luxuriant vegetation of this plant, are extremely grateful to the eye. The Tartarean mountains, with their blue and immeasurable summits, are the finest objects in the vicinity of Peking."

The author, in this part of his narrative, mentions that the mules which he saw are very fine animals. He also examined "the wooden collar called Kang, which is fixed on the necks of convicted felons as a punishment: it is a square board, thirty inches wide, with an aperture for the head; it is worn diagonally, and enables the bearer to rest the corner upon a stone while sitting."—

"When two Chinese quarrel, they generally seize each other by the tails, which they twist violently: both often fall to the ground, and it is surprising to see how long they can endure such acute pain: their eyes seem bursting from their sockets, the whole countenance is distorted, and I am convinced that pugilists of the best bottom must yield in such a contest from utter incapacity to bear the dreadful suffering. Though violent to madness in gesture and language, they seldom proceed to action, and I have seen

a smart tap with a fan satisfy extreme rage. When, however, they actually have recourse to blows, they fight most foully, and death has been known to ensue from a kick."

In another place a remarkable piece of ordnance is described. It had five mouths, and was bound round with iron hoops. The military seem to be *equally warlike*; but we shall condense the various information scattered through the volume, concerning them, into one point by and by.

On one of the cities it is observed:—

"The business of the eating-house seemed principally to be carried on in the streets: tea and other liquors, soups and different preparations of meat, were divided into small portions, and ready for immediate consumption: this must be a great accommodation and saving to the labouring classes, although it may be considered as a proof of the absence of domestic habits among them. It is impossible not to remark the neatness of the Chinese in their tubs, baskets, and

boxes. It is said that in presents the outward package not unfrequently exceeds the value of the contents. The front yard of all their houses is set off by some flowering shrubs, or dwarf trees; and not seldom a bower of treillage work, with beautiful creeping plants, adds convenience to ornament."

Two Russians and a Frenchman in the Russian service, dressed completely *à la Chinoise*, wished to enter into an intercourse with the embassy, near Peking; but were discountenanced, lest the jealousy of the Chinese should be excited. The people were generally civil, and not displeased with the inquisitiveness of the travellers; but they were barred the pleasure of gossiping with the ladies of little feet, by an imperial edict forbidding females to be seen by the strangers. In spite of this, a glimpse was occasionally caught of a peeper: and many of them were pretty enough to cause the restraint to be felt as a very ungallant act of the Emperor.

Concluded in our next.

From the Literary Gazette.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DAVID HUME TO THE COMTESSE DE BOUFFLERS.

We have been favoured with some most interesting Epistolary remains of our late admired Historian and Philosopher, addressed to this celebrated Lady; and it is our intention to avail ourselves of the permission granted us to present our readers with a few extracts in succession.

MADAM,

IT is not easy for your Ladyship to imagine the pleasure I received from your letter, with which you have so unexpectedly honoured me, nor the agreeable visions of vanity, in which upon that occasion, I indulged myself. I concluded, and, as I fancied, with certainty, that a person, who could write so well herself, must certainly be a good judge of writing in others, and that an author, who could please a Lady of your distinction, educated in the Court of France, and familiarized with every thing elegant and polite, might reasonably pretend to some degree of merit, and might presume to take his rank above the middling historians. But, Madam, it is but fair, that I, who have pretended, in so long a work,

to do justice to all parties and persons, should also do some to myself, and should not feed my vanity with chimeras, which, I am sensible in my cooler moments, can have no foundation in reason. When I had the pleasure of passing some time in France, I had the agreeable experience of the polite hospitality by which your nation is distinguished; and I now find that the same favorable indulgence has appeared in your Ladyship's judgment of my writings. And perhaps your esteem for the entire impartiality which I aim at, and which, to tell the truth, is so unusual in English Historians, has made your Ladyship overlook many defects, into which the want of art or genius has betrayed me.

In this particular, Madam, I must own that I am inclined to take your civilities in their full latitude, and to hope that I have not fallen much short of my intentions. The spirit of faction, which prevails in this country, and which is a natu-

ral attendant on civil liberty, carries every thing to extremes on the one side as well as the other ; and I have the satisfaction to find, that my performance has alternately given displeasure to both parties. I could not reasonably hope to please both. Such success is impossible from the nature of things : and next to your Ladyship's approbation, who, as a foreigner, must necessarily be a candid judge, I shall always regard the anger of both as the surest warrant of my impartiality.

As I find that you are pleased to employ your leisure hours in the perusal of History, I shall presume to recommend to your Ladyship a late work of this kind wrote by my friend and countryman, Dr. Robertson, which has met with the highest approbation from all good judges.

It is the History of Scotland during the age of the unfortunate Queen Mary : and it is wrote in an elegant, agreeable, and interesting manner, and far exceeding, I shall venture to say, any performance of that kind that has appeared in English. The failings of that Princess are not covered over, but her singular catastrophe is rendered truly lamentable and tragical ; and the reader cannot forbear shedding tears for her fate, at the same time he blames her conduct. There are few historical productions where both the subject and execution have appeared so happy.

Some prospect is now given us that this miserable war between the two nations

is drawing towards a period, and that the former intercourse between them will again be renewed. If this happy event take place, I have entertained hopes, that my affairs will permit me to take a journey to Paris, and the obliging offer which you are pleased to make me of allowing me to pay my respects to you, will prove a new and very powerful inducement to make me hasten the execution of my purpose. But I give your ladyship warning that I shall on many accounts stand in need of your indulgence. I passed a few years in France during my early youth, but I lived in a provincial town where I enjoyed the advantages of leisure for study, and an opportunity of learning the language. What I had imperfectly learned, long disuse, I am afraid, has made me forget.

I have rested amid books and study ; have been little engaged in the active, and not much in the pleasurable scenes of life ; and am more accustomed to a select society than to general companies. But all these disadvantages, and much greater, will be abundantly compensated by the honour of your ladyship's protection, and I hope that my profound sense of your obliging favour will render me not altogether unworthy of it.

I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient

and most humble Servant,

DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh, 15th May, 1761.

From the Literary Gazette.

CHARACTER, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE OF INDIA.

BY THE ABBE J. A. DUBOIS, MISSIONARY IN THE MYSORE. 4to. 1817.

WE have seldom met with a more valuable or instructive work than the volume now before us. The author, during his residence among the natives, as a Missionary, followed the maxim of St. Paul, of being "all things to all men," and thus, by humouring their customs, adopting their costume, and seemingly respecting their prejudices, became familiar with their various tribes, and acquired that initiation into their several modes of life, which has enabled him to

give more information on that interesting subject than any former writer.

The work is translated from the French MS. and published under the auspices of the Court of Directors, for the express purpose of enabling such of our countrymen as reside in India, to become better acquainted with the habits and manners of the people, than, from imperfect information, they have hitherto been. It would appear, that though we are not always anxious enough to conciliate

them, when we know how, we still more often offend and disgust them, in cases where we should have no objection to humour their peculiarities, were we conscious that these existed.

In truth, no means should be omitted, of securing the hold we have of that country; since we are decidedly convinced, that it is now the object of envy and will hereafter be the object of attack, whenever the continental powers, at present paralysed by the late war, shall feel their nerves sufficiently strengthened, and their plans sufficiently ripe, for a new career of conquest and desolation. If there be found little gratitude in individuals, the gratitude of nations is still more rare; nay, the very consciousness that England has already been able to save Europe from universal despotism, has, we are too well persuaded, excited a feeling among those powers, that she, who has protected them because she found it her interest, would also subvert or injure them, should she ever find it her convenience. They judge of her ability by what she has herself done, and they judge of her inclination, by what they would themselves do, under similar circumstances. Asia, not Europe, will probably be the next great seat of struggle; and Russia, not France, will be the power, whose arms and whose intrigues we shall have the greatest cause to dread.

This work sufficiently refutes the silly assertion of the *Edinburgh Review*, that the nations of India are an innocent and inoffensive race. A more odious and disgusting detail of private crimes and national abominations, were never exhibited in print, than these pages present to our perusal. They likewise clearly disprove another gross doctrine to be found in that *Review*—namely, that it is useless and injurious to send any Missionaries amongst them. And yet, we find, that conversions are not uncommon, and that many of their more enlightened natives see, and confess, and ridicule the absurdities of their own religious tenets. To set about converting a people divided into casts, might indeed, prove an hopeless undertaking, were there no place of refuge for the excommunicated; but where there is a government who have it in their power, to receive, protect, and exalt

them beyond their former situations, the greater danger appears to be, that the needy or the ambitious would affect a conversion which they never felt, and apostatise upon speculation.

We have room only for one short extract, on the odious custom of burning wives upon the funeral piles of their husbands. It is taken from the *Bharata*, a work of great authority among the Hindus.

“Pandee, the King, retired, with his two wives, into the forest, to pursue a course of penitence. He had also entered into a solemn vow, under the curse of instant death, that he should hold no commerce with either of them.

“The youngest was extremely beautiful, and her charms were so powerful as to overcome the terrors of perdition. For a long time she resisted his solicitations, and reasoned with him on the danger of yielding to them, for she was unwilling to incur the imputation of being the cause of his death. But all was in vain, her refusal only serving to increase the violence of his passion. He was at length driven to the gratification of it, and immediately the curse fell upon him with full effect. Being now dead, a question arose, which of the two wives ought to follow him to the funeral pile; and a sharp altercation took place between them for the preference. An assembly of Brahmins was held to decide the dispute; when the elder of the two wives insisted that her rank, as his original consort, gave her a precedence above any posterior one, and farther observed, that her competitor had several young children whose education absolutely required the prolongation of her life.

“The second wife then addressed the assembly, admitting the superior rank of her opponent, but insisting that, as she was the immediate instrument of their husband’s death, and the fatal cause which brought down the malediction upon him, that she alone ought to endure its consequences. And as to the bringing up of the children, quoth she, turning tenderly towards her rival, are they not yours as well as mine? Besides, what sort of education could they expect from a young inexperienced girl like me? Believe me it will better suit with your gravity and years.

"In the Bharata, the debate is carried on to much greater length, but it will be sufficient to relate that, notwithstanding the eloquence of the younger lady, the

court gave the preference to the other, and 'admitted her,' says the author, 'to the distinguished honour of being consumed alive with the body of her husband.'"

From the Monthly Magazine, October, 1817.

L'APE ITALIANA.

Dor 'ape susurrando
Nei mattutini albori
Voia suggendo i rugiadosi umori.—Guarini.

Where the bee at early dawn
Murmuring sips the dews of morn.

SIR,

The increased interest which has of late been taken in the literature of modern Italy, assures me that some account of it will not be unacceptable to such of your readers as have not an opportunity of becoming acquainted with it in the originals; and I therefore purpose—under the title of *THE ITALIAN BEE*, *L'Ape Italiana*—to present them, from time to time, with a selection of such extracts as may appear to me amusing, and calculated to give a general idea of its features. The fortunes of that celebrated country have had, from the earliest ages, so important an influence on the destiny of the world at large, that it is justly considered as possessing claims on the attention of mankind, superior to those of any other region. The ancient theatre of Roman glory, the fostering nurse of modern arts and learning—it was in Italy that the exquisite productions of Grecian genius were fondly cherished and successfully imitated; and, after the desolating inundation of Northern barbarism had nearly extinguished the intellectual fire, it was in her bosom that the dying embers were cherished, till, at a more propitious season, they burst into that cheering flame by which the nations are still illumined. The natural advantages which Italy enjoys form another important circumstance in her favour. The imagination turns from regions desolated by winter, to rest with delight on the "land of the olive and vine"—fanned by soft gales and crowned with almost perennial verdure; and leaves the severer pursuits of philosophy and science, to revel in the beauties of a poetry glowing with all the warmth and luxuriance of the delicious climate which inspired it.

LEICESTRIENSIS.

DANTE, PETRARCH, and BOCCACCIO, are justly considered as the fathers of Italian literature; but, before entering on the consideration of these "mighty masters," it may be proper to take some notice of a work which claims an antiquity even more remote; this is the collection of anecdotes known by the title of, "*Le cento Novelle Antiche*"—the Hundred Ancient Stories. It is interesting from its simplicity, from its relation to the times in which it was written, and from its having occasionally supplied the subjects of the novels of Boccaccio. It commences with the following pro-
emium:—

"It is a common and just observation, that from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Therefore, ye who are of gentle and noble minds, first of all dispose your hearts to please God—honouring, fearing, and praising him! and, in the next place, if it be lawful, on any subject not offensive to him, to talk for bodily recreation and amusement, let it be done with all courtesy and decorum. And, whereas the noble and genteel are in their words and actions a mirror, as it were, to their inferiors—their conversation being the more acceptable, as proceeding from a more delicate instrument—we shall here commemorate some flowers of speech and fair courtesies, seasonable replies and acts of valour, noble donations and honourable loves—by which many have distinguished themselves in time past. And he that hath a noble mind and a subtle understanding will thus be enabled to imitate them in the time that is to come; and to argue, and relate, and speak, as occasion may offer—to the profit and pleasure of those that are ignorant and desirous of being informed. And let it not displease you, if the flowers we shall exhibit should be intermixed in a multitude of other words—since gold is set off by black; and a single fine and delicate fruit will recommend a whole orchard, and a few fair flowers a whole garden. Let not this offend the reader—for many have lived through a long life without having ever said or done any thing worth recording."

These "flowers of speech" consist, as has been observed, of historical anecdotes—for the most part curiously metamorphosed, of stories from the romances of the Round Table and the Paladins of France, which the writer

appears to consider equally as matters of fact—and of the most celebrated *bonmots* of the time. We give the following specimens of this prototype of the *Anas* :—

NOVELLA 12.

“How Antigonus reproved Alexander for amusing himself with playing on the harp.

“Antigonus, the preceptor of Alexander, finding him one day amusing himself with playing on a harp, took it and broke it, and threw it into the fire, saying, ‘*Your business is to reign, and not to fiddle.*’ In like manner it may be said, that every man’s body is his empire; and that luxury is as disgraceful as playing on the harp; let him therefore be ashamed who indulges in luxury, when he ought to reign with virtue. King Porus also, who fought against Alexander, at an entertainment, commanded the strings of a lyre, on which a musician was playing, to be cut, saying that “it was better the instrument should be destroyed than that people should be led astray—for that sweetness of sound was the destruction of virtue.”

NOVELLA 13.

“How a certain king caused his son to be brought up in the dark till he was ten years old; and how, on shewing him every thing, he was most of all pleased with women.

“A certain king had a son born to him: the astrologers predicted that he would lose his sight if he were permitted to see the sun before he had reached the age of ten years; on which account the king had him watched, and brought up in dark caverns. After ten years were elapsed, he caused him to be brought out, and shewed him the world; and placed before him many fine jewels and fair damsels—telling him the names of every thing, and that the damsels were devils. Being asked what he liked best, he replied, ‘*The devils please me more than all the rest.*’ Then the king marvelled greatly, saying, ‘*What a powerful thing is female beauty!*’ ”

NOVELLA 17.

“Of the liberal disposition of Don Diego di Fienaja.

“Don Diego de Fienaja was one day riding in rich attire, with a numerous

and gallant company, when a buffoon requested a largess from him: Don Diego gave him an hundred marks of silver. When the buffoon had received them, he said, ‘Sir, this is the most liberal present that ever was made to me.’ And, as Don Diego spurred his horse on without making any observation, the buffoon threw down the money, saying, ‘God forbid that I should take one hundred marks of silver without knowing who gave them to me.’ Don Diego on this returned, and said, ‘Since you are so desirous of knowing it, my name is Don Diego.’ The buffoon took up the marks, and said, ‘I owe you no thanks, Don Diego.’ This reply occasioned much conversation; and it was observed that the buffoon had well spoken, since it was as if he had said, ‘*You are so much in the habit of giving liberally that you could not well have done otherwise.*’ ”

Several anecdotes are related in different parts of the work of John king of England, and his tutor, Bertrand de Born;* and it is singular that this prince, of detestable memory with us, is here represented as a pattern of generosity and greatness of mind. We give the following traits from

NOVELLA 19.

“Of the great liberality and courtesy of the King of England.

“John, king of England, was a man of liberal expenditure, and gave all he had to poor gentle† knights. It happened one day that a poor gentle knight cast his eye on the cover of a silver cup, and said within himself, ‘If I can secrete that, it will maintain my wife and children for a long time:’ accordingly he hid it under his robe. When the company rose, the Seneschals looked over the silver, and missed it. They began to make a disturbance, and to search the knights as they went out. King John knew who had it, and went to him unobserved, and

* Bertrand de Born is placed by Dante in the infernal regions, among the sowers of discord, heresy, and schism—for having stimulated Prince John to bear arms against his father, Henry II. He says he saw him carrying his head in his hand, dangling by the hair like a lantern.

E'l capo troneo tenea per le chiome
Pesol con mano a guisa di lanterna.—*Inferno*,
Canto 28.

† That is, genteel—of honourable birth.

said to him in a whisper, 'Put it under my robe, for they will not search me:' and the knight, full of confusion, did so. King John gave it to him again when he had passed the door, and put it under his robe; and afterwards sent for him, and courteously gave him the other part of the cup.

"Still greater courtesy did he shew one night, when some poor knights entered his chamber, thinking that he was asleep. They collected the furniture and articles of dress, *intending to steal them as it were*. When they had rummaged every where, one of them, unwilling to leave behind them a rich coverlet under which the king lay, laid hold on it, and began to pull: the king was determined not be left quite bare, and held it so fast that the others were obliged to lend a hand to expedite the business:—then King John cried out, '*To take by force would be robbery, and not theft.*'* The knights took to their heels as soon as they heard him speak, for they thought before that he had been asleep."

NOVELLA 22.

"*How the Emperor Frederick met with a peasant at a fountain, and asked him to let him drink, and then took away his barrel.*

"The Emperor Frederick being one day out hunting in a green dress, as he was wont, found a country-looking fellow at the foot of a spring, who had spread a white cloth on the grass; and had got thereon a tamarisk cup of wine, and a nice dinner. The emperor came up,

* The distinction is rather nice, but it is recognised by our law.

† Frederic II. of Germany.

and asked him to let him drink; the countryman replied, '*How can I? Do you think I will let you drink out of my cup? If you have got a horn of your own, I will give you some wine willingly.*' The emperor said, '*Let me drink out of the barrel, on condition that I do not put my mouth to it.*' The peasant accordingly gave it to him, and the emperor was as good as his word—for he spurred his horse and rode off with it.

"Now the peasant knew, from his hunting dress, that he was one of the emperor's train, and accordingly the next day he went to the court. The emperor gave orders to the ushers, 'If a peasant of such an appearance should come, admit him to my presence—don't shut the door upon him. The countryman came, and was brought before the emperor; to whom he made complaint respecting his barrel. The emperor made him relate the circumstance several times over, to the great diversion of himself and his barons; and at length asked him, whether he should know his barrel again:—'Yes, sire,'—replied the peasant. Then the emperor drew it from under him—for he had got it there, to let him know that it was he who had taken it: and made him a handsome present for his cleanliness."

NOVELLA 26.

"*How a great man received an insult.*

"A great man of Alexandria went into the city one day on business, when a fellow came after him, and began to abuse him; but he took no notice of it. A person who met him, said, 'Why do you not answer this man, who is abusing you in this manner?' He replied, '*Because I hear nothing that pleases me.*'"

From the Literary Gazette.

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO NEW-ZEALAND.*

BY JOHN LIDDIARD NICHOLAS, ESQ. 8vo. PUBLISHED SEPT. 1817.

WE proceed to extract the account of the town and tribe of which Duaterra was the Chief, as promised in the conclusion of our last Number. Every village is furnished with a hippah, or fortress, some of them constructed with great skill and ingenuity, and very strong, with moat, palisades, and wickerwork.

"Duaterra, having got all his property on shore, was now ready to conduct us to his town, which standing, as I mentioned, on the summit of a steep hill,

rendered the approach to it a work of some labour and fatigue.

"The plantations on the hill, which appeared to such advantage at a distance, improved still more on a nearer view of them, and every thing bespoke not only the neatness, but even the good taste of the cultivators. Not a weed was to be seen, and the paling, which was ingenious, though simple, gave an effect to the inclosure that was peculiarly striking. Before we reached the top we could perceive that the town was a fortress, of very great strength, considering the rude mode of warfare pursued in this island. It was almost encompassed with a deep and wide trench, on the inner side of which was formed a breast-work of long stakes stuck in the ground, at short distances from each other, and so compactly firm as to be capable of resisting for a long time the most impetuous attacks of its undisciplined assailants. Passing this fortification, we entered the town itself, which consisted of some huts built on each side of several little lanes, or rather pathways, for they were made barely wide enough for one person to pass through at a time.

"Before each hut was an enclosed space, resembling a court-yard, in which was a shed, or out-house, employed by the inhabitants for various purposes of domestic convenience. The entrance to these enclosures was by stiles ingeniously contrived, and fancifully embellished; and I observed some on which there was a rude carving of the human form. The lanes on our way to Duaterra's residence, which stood on the most elevated part of the hill, were crossed in some parts with these stiles, and we were obliged to pass three of them before we got into the little lane that led up to the door. The hut of this chief, (or if this mean epithet must be discarded for the grandest that can be used, his palace,) differed but little from those of his subjects, and was distinguished only by its being built upon a larger scale, and having more ground enclosed around it. It measured about 20 feet long, 15 broad, and 8 feet in height, with a ridge-like roof, and built of sticks, interwoven with rushes. The door-way, like all the rest, was so very narrow as to preclude the possibi-

ty of entering it, unless by creeping in upon the hands and knees. The interior presented nothing to compensate the trouble of getting in, and a few stones thrown together to serve for a fire-place, were the only domestic articles I could possibly discover. Furniture there was none, and the smoke finding no egress, except through the door-way, which was the only aperture to be seen, the dismal edifice teemed with suffocating vapour, and formed, with the wretched inmates, a complete picture of cheerless barbarism.

"But the abject misery of these huts was in some measure compensated by the sheds outside, which were open, lightsome, and comparatively pleasant. Here they always take their meals, as they make it an invariable rule never to eat in their dwellings, and their reasons for observing this practice are founded on certain superstitions of terrific controul. Duaterra, in addition to the one before his hut, had another of these sheds in an adjoining enclosure, where he kept his potatoes, coomeras, &c.; and a few paces outside this, was a little spot, neatly fenced round, where he had erected a flag-staff, and suspended a flag that had been given to him by the commander of one of our vessels who happened to touch at this part of the island.

"This hill commanded a most noble prospect, taking in at one view a great part of the extensive harbour, and its numerous islands, with the whole of the surrounding country. I found the town much larger than I had first supposed, while reviewing it from the ship, whence only a small portion of it could be seen, from the irregularity of the intervening ground. The huts and sheds, taken together, may probably have been about a hundred, and I estimated the inhabitants at one hundred and fifty or two hundred souls. Polygamy is universal among these islanders, and the number of wives varies in proportion to the circumstances of the individual; there being, however, a head wife, who is treated with particular respect, and holds an ascendancy over the husband, which never excites the jealousy of the others. Duaterra had three wives, and the head one, to whom he introduced us, was considered no less a personage than a queen by all

the people within his territory. Mr. Marsden presented her Majesty with a cotton gown and petticoat, which he told her he had brought from Mrs. Marsden, who wished it to be given to her; and anxious to see how this European dress would become a New Zealand Queen, he helped her to put it on; and it was ludicrous enough to see how adroitly he acted the part of a lady's maid on this occasion. His instructions, showing her how she was to put her arms in the sleeves, and directing her in adjusting the petticoat, amused me exceedingly; nor was it less laughable to see her majesty's vanity on being decked out in this novel attire. The New Zealand ladies, though the name of fashion has never reached their ears, are quite as fond of showing off their charms to advantage as our own fair countrywomen; and Duaterra's favourite sultan possessed this passion for display in an extraordinary degree. She moved about with a strutting affectation of dignity, and giving herself a thousand consequential airs, looking at her dress, and seeking admiration, seemed to take all her pride from the gown and petticoat. But I thought her own simple dress of a mat tied round the waist, was much more becoming; for being low sized, and very fat, with a round plump face, her new costume, which was much too tight for such a figure, gave her an awkward and embarrassing stiffness. Her face, however, made ample amends for her unshapely form, as it had many beauties, which were both interesting and attractive. She had fine black eyes, sparkling with animation; teeth of an ivory whiteness; a blooming complexion; and all her features peculiarly expressive of cheerful complacency. During the absence of the chief, she had brought him a son and heir, a fine healthy-looking boy, that was suckled at her breast, and was alternately caressed by the several females in the family of Duaterra."

It appears from the above among other things, that polygamy is common in New Zealand, and what is very extraordinary, Mr. Nicholas assures us, that all the wives live on terms of the greatest cordiality and friendship with each other, frequently nursing the children of their

rivals with as much affection as if they were their own! Adultery is punishable with death, and there is a curious distinction made with regard to this crime, which may furnish some of our barristers with a topic on the next *crim. con.* case which is tried in the courts.

"If the criminal connection is discovered in the hut belonging to the female, the man is instantly pronounced the seducer, and therefore consigned to death, while the woman escapes with a sound beating; but if the contrary takes place, and the incontinent lady is detected in the man's hut, then she is sentenced to lose her life, being supposed to have allured her gallant, who goes off with impunity."

Thieves are held in great abhorrence, and if detected, are not only executed, but gibbeted afterwards on a cross.

The cases of natural death are much aggravated by the superstition of these people, who suppose that the Deity has taken possession of the patient to destroy him, and therefore use no means of cure, and often even deny nourishment to the perishing wretch, who is declared to be *tabooed*, or sacred. The corpse is tied neck and heels, and buried; the grave being marked with a piece of painted wood, or mound of stones, and never profanely approached, as the place is also said to be *tabooed*.

This *tabooing* interferes with most of their customs. Poor Duaterra fell a sacrifice to it, during the time the British were with him; and his head wife, Dahoo, hanged herself through inconsolable grief, though she as vehemently as the rest resisted the administration of medicaments to her dying husband while under *taboo*. A pistol, which he returned to Mr. Nicholas, when in this state, was held to be similarly sacred, and an accident which happened to the traveller in discharging it incautiously, was imputed by the natives, *una voce*, to the resentment of the Divinity for the sacrilege of meddling with a *tabooed* pistol. The following extract will show to what extent the absurdity is carried:

"On going into the town, in the course of the day, I beheld several of the natives sitting round some baskets of dressed potatoes; and being invited to join them in

their meal, I mingled with the group, when I observed one man stoop down with his mouth for each morsel, and scrupulously careful in avoiding all contact between his hands and the food he was eating. From this I knew at once that he was tabooed; and upon asking the reason of his being so, as he appeared in good health, and not afflicted with any complaint that could set him without the pale of ordinary intercourse, I found that it was because he was then building a house, and that he could not be released from the taboo till he had finished it. Being only a cookee, he had no person to wait upon him, but was obliged to submit to the distressing operation of feeding himself in the manner prescribed by the superstitious ordinance; and he was told by the *tohunga*, or priest, that if he presumed to put one finger to his mouth before he had completed the work he was about, the Etua would certainly punish his impious contempt, by getting into his stomach before his time, and eating him out of the world. Of this premature destiny he seemed so apprehensive, that he kept his hands as though they were never made for touching any article of diet; nor did he suffer them, by even a single motion, to show the least sympathy for his mouth, while that organ was obliged to use double exertions, and act for those members which superstition had paralysed. Sitting down by the side of this deluded being, whom credulity and ignorance had rendered helpless, I undertook to feed him, and his appetite being quite voracious, I could hardly supply it as fast as he devoured. Without ever consulting his digestive powers, of which we cannot suppose he had any idea, he spared himself the trouble of mastication; and to lose no time, swallowed down every lump as I put it into his mouth; and I speak within compass, when I assert, that he consumed more food than would have served any two ploughmen in England.—Perfectly tired of ministering to his insatiable gluttony, which was still as ravenous as when he commenced, I now wished for a little intermission, and taking advantage of his situation, I resolved to give him as much to do as would employ him for at

least a few minutes, while, in the mean time, it would afford me some amusement for my trouble. I therefore thrust into his mouth the largest hot potatoe I could find, and this had exactly the intended effect; for the fellow, unwilling to drop it, and not daring to penetrate it before it should get cool, held it slightly compressed between his teeth, to the great enjoyment of his countrymen, who laughed heartily, as well as myself, at the wry faces he made, and the efforts he used with his tongue, to moderate the heat of the potatoe, and bring it to the temperature of his gums, which were evidently smarting from the contact. But he bore this trick with the greatest possible good humour; and to make him amends for it, I took care to supply him plentifully, till he cried out, *nuee nuee kiki*, and could eat no more; an exclamation, however, which he did not make till there was no more in the basket. Besides potatoes, they had also at this feast, (for such it was considered,) muscles and turnips; but the latter had very much degenerated, and become long and fibrous.

“Leaving this group, after they had finished their banquet, I passed close by the hut where Warree, the brother of Gunnah, resided, and found him very busy in cutting his wife's hair. This operation he performed with a piece of sharp stone, called by mineralogists, obsidian, or volcanic glass; cutting the fore part quite close, and leaving all the hair on the back of the head untouched. When he had completed his task, which took him some time, from the nice precision he observed; he collected together all the hair he had cut off, and laying it up very carefully, went to the outskirts of the town and threw it away. Upon asking him the reason of his doing this, he told me that the hair was tabooed, and could not be left in the town without provoking the anger of the Etua, who would in such case destroy the person from whose head it had been taken. I was going to take up one of the stones he had used; but he charged me not to touch it, telling me that this was also tabooed, and that the enraged Deity of New Zealand would wreak his immediate vengeance upon my guilty head, if I

presumed to lay one finger on the sacred implement. Laughing at his superstition, I began to exclaim against its absurdity ; but, like Tui on a former occasion, he retorted by ridiculing our *crackee crackee*, (preaching,) yet at the same time asking me to sermonize over his wife, as if his object was to have her exorcised ; and upon my refusing, he began himself, but could not proceed from involuntary bursts of laughter. I obtained from him, without any difficulty, one of the stones he had not used, against the transfer of which there was no prohibition."

The power of their priests is chiefly manifested in the *taboo*, for their religion is rude, and their sphere of knowledge extremely limited. It is remarkable, however, that in their astronomy the Belt of Orion is called the *whucka*, or canoe ; the Pleiades they believe to be seven of their countrymen, fixed in that part of the Heavens after their death, and one eye of each visible as a star ; and in two months, Duaterra said another cluster of stars would rise, some of which would represent the head, and others the stern, of a canoe ; while close to them would appear another star, which they call the *anchor*, and which, setting at night and rising with the dawn of the morning, serves to regulate their hours of repose and labour.

Thus in all regions, however savage and uncultivated, there seems to be some reference to the great event of the deluge, and the preservation by the ark. But what is still more wonderful in regard to this people, is their belief "that the first woman was made of one of the man's ribs ;" and that their general name for bone is *Hevee*, a word so nearly resembling the *Eve* of the Christian world. They have also a tradition of a man and a tree being taken up to the moon, very similar to the children's legend among ourselves.

In their religion they have a confused idea of a supreme being, whom they style Mowheerangazanga, but worship besides a number of inferior gods ; such as Teepockho, the god of anger and of death ; Towackhee, the god of the elements ; Mowheemooha, a god who makes land under the sea, while Mow-heebotakee hauls up his work when fin-

ished ; Heckotoro, a most melancholy god of tears and sorrows ; and as many more as would fill a Pantheon. The story of the last-mentioned deity is curious. Having lost his wife, he descends from Heaven in search of her, and after many adventures finds her in New Zealand. He immediately put her into a canoe, and tying a rope at both ends of it, they were drawn up at once to Heaven, where they were changed into the cluster of stars, *Ranghee*, still pointed out by the natives as the identical pair.

While on the subject of their faith and customs, we may briefly notice, that they pay great respect to old age ; never eat food within their dwellings, which they hold to be profanation, though they think it no harm to devour the most loathsome of vermin, which they call *cootoos* ; that during the time a man is building or repairing a hut, he is under the *taboo*, and never puts his hand to his mouth ; that they always weep abundantly, as an expression of joy, when friends or relations, long separated, meet ; that they are cannibals ; that a sort of feudal system prevails, and the Arakees of one class receive a tribute or acknowledgement from the Chiefs of other tribes ; that these chiefs are absolute, and their descendants may not intermarry with the *Cookees*, or vulgar order.

They have a singular method of preserving, as trophies, the heads of their enemies slain in battle, by taking out the brains, and drying the head, so as to keep the flesh entire. One of the Chiefs, who was asked how this was done, very promptly offered to go and shoot some people, who had killed his son, and show the method with their skulls, if Mr. Marsden would lend him some powder ; which the benevolent missionary declined.

They are fond of singing and dancing, averse to continued labour, and most voracious eaters. But we must conclude for the present, and the rather, as with one observation more, we may wind up all we intend to state on the topics principally concentrated in this week's review : the favourite game of the ladies is to throw a ball, called a *poe*, larger than a cricket-ball, and stuffed with the down of bullrushes, from one to another, and dextrously catch it by a string, while flying in the air.

From the European Magazine, September 1817.

THE WANDERER.

Chapter III.*

MY father was an officer in a regiment of dragoons, and was killed in an engagement some months before I was born ; when the news of his death arrived, the suddenness of the shock, pressing upon a delicate constitution, a good deal broken by anxiety and sorrow, threw my mother into a premature labour, the consequence of which was, that the same moment which disclosed to me the light of the world rendered me an orphan.

At this time my mother was residing with her father, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, to whose care I devolved ; by him I was brought up, and to him am I indebted for the share of religious and moral knowledge which I possess.

At the period when my narrative begins, I was living with him in the village to which his pastoral duties had called him ; it was situated on the eastern coast of Scotland.

Our family consisted of a girl, who did the household work : and a man, who performed the duties of gardener and steward of our small establishment ; he had been a soldier in my father's regiment, and was his servant ; he had fought by his side in the engagement in which he fell, had caught him in his arms as he received the shot which had killed him ; and, after performing the last duties to his master, had borne the news of his death to his afflicted widow. His fidelity and affection had endeared him to my grandfather, who treated him more as a friend than as a servant ; he had received, like most of the peasantry of Scotland, an education, which in England seldom falls to the share of persons in a much higher sphere of life.

A spirit of wandering (perhaps the effect of his education,) had led him into the army at an early age ; he had been much attached to my father, and, on his death, he had obtained his discharge, and retired to spend the remainder of his life in the retirement of his native village.

My grandfather's duties, his village

being small, left him much leisure, which he devoted to my education.—Would it were in my power to describe his excellencies ! His spirit was cast in the gentlest of nature's moulds ; his temper was a model of Christian humility and forbearance ; his reproofs were mixed with kindness, and he conveyed the most salutary truths under the most pleasing forms, contrary to the method pursued by many, who have the office of opening the youthful mind to knowledge ; his instructions appeared the effects of his love, and he did not seek to give weight to them by making himself feared. His commands were rendered pleasing, by the conviction that they were necessary and just ; indeed, what was with him necessary was synonymous with just.

He suffered no circumstance to escape him, which could be rendered useful to the progress of my education.—The situation in which we lived afforded a most rich and varied description of scenery. The broad sea, on one side, presented, during fair weather, a beautiful view ; and, during a storm, the roughness of the coast rendered it more sublime than any other spectacle I ever beheld. On the land side, a large chain of mountains bounded us, and a rich valley, in which the village was situated, lay between.

Of all these various objects my grandfather made use, by imprinting on my memory the subjects in ancient and modern poets and historians to which they might be applied. Not a rock, a tree, a brook, a beautiful view, or a picturesque scene, to which he did not attach some allusion, which, associating itself with the object, impressed it more strongly on my mind. By these means my studies were rendered gratifying to me, and I should have been more punished by being debarred from my lessons, than most school-boys would have been pleased with having a holiday.

Often have I wished, when passing through a rocky defile in our neighbourhood, that I could there conjure up Leonidas and his trusty Spartans, as at Thermopylæ, and mix in the glorious strife for liberty, that idol of warm-heart-

* See p. 126.

ed youth. As often, when looking from a tremendously overhanging cliff, have thought on Leucadia's steep, and wept over the sorrows of the hapless Sappho. 'Tis true, this method had something of a romantic tendency, and imparted a perhaps too great keenness to my feelings; but whether this was productive of good or evil, is a point which I shall leave to be mooted by those who think it worth while to dispute upon.

I lived with my grandfather until about my thirteenth year, when he was seized with a sudden illness, which resisted all medical skill, and he died in a few weeks after his first attack. Some hours previous to his dissolution, he sent for me, and on my approaching his bed, he told me that he felt he had but few hours to live, and therefore would give some directions for my future conduct, which he charged me to observe. I promised most implicit obedience to them. He then told me that his daughter, my mother, had been educated with some of her relations, at a town in Flanders, where my father had been stationed with his regiment; a mutual affection took place, and they were secretly married: his consent was not asked until refusal would have been of no effect. He told me that my father's family were of considerable rank; that my grandfather by the paternal side was Lord Trevayne, a statesman of great influence, whose pride had been so much hurt by his son's misconduct, as he termed it, in marrying one of a rank so much below him, that he would never see him. My father's regiment, he said, was shortly after ordered to America, and my mother's state of health, not permitting her to accompany him, she had returned to my grandfather, where, after my father's death, she died in giving birth to me. He said, that with him would cease all that he possessed, and that he was therefore under the necessity of bequeathing me to the care of Lord Trevayne, to whom, immediately after his illness, he had written, informing him of my situation; and, he added, that his Lordship had requested me to be sent to him. He said it was his wish that I should, immediately on his death, (which he felt was not far distant,) go to London

to Lord Trevayne and rely on his care and protection. "My child," he said, "the bitterest pang in dying, is to leave you in a state of dependence; but Heaven's will be done; and remember, that he whose actions are truly just, and whose heart is correct, can not be said to be dependant but on the goodness of Providence, which will never desert him. God has given you talents, my child, which, if properly directed, will conduce to your own happiness, and render you an ornament to your country; but I have also observed that, joined to the most lively sense of virtue, the easiness of your disposition will, under some temptations, lead you to actions which you must repent, unless under the constant curb of your reason; and you possess also a sensibility which, if you do not check it, will render you easily assailable by the impositions of artful persons, many of whom you will meet with in your journey through life. I would not have you to understand me to wish you to repress the feelings of your soul; but I would have you keep them so much under restraint, that they shall not weaken and destroy that fortitude which is the most ornamental and noble part of the character of man."

Very soon after this conversation, the earliest and best friend I ever possessed breathed his last in my arms, for I would not be removed from him. To attempt to describe my grief at his loss would be in vain; it was violent, like all youthful passions, and I then thought I should never recover it; but a few days moderated my sorrow, and I thought of it with resignation. Then I felt the force of the religious instruction which my grandfather had bestowed on me, and in the hour of sorrow I turned for consolation to Him who alone can impart it.

After my grandfather's burial, I prepared for my journey to London, in consequence of his directions. Andrew, our servant, whom I have before mentioned, accompanied me. Our route was marked by no occurrence worth relating, and I arrived at the splendid mansion of the Earl of Trevayne, and was introduced to the possessor of it.

To be continued.

BUONAPARTE AND ST. HELENA.

From the Panorama, November 1817.

So many vague reports of the present condition of this state prisoner are in circulation, and actual interviews with him of so rare occurrence, that any thing in the shape of an authentic narrative of such a circumstance, is always acceptable. The following particulars are taken from "Mr. Ellis's account of Lord Amherst's Embassy to China", which, while they display some interesting traits in the character of the Ex-Emperor, serve to throw considerable light on the cause, as well as the groundless nature of the complaints which he some time since made on the score of bad treatment, want of provisions, wine, &c.

July 1.

ST. Helena presents from without, a mass of continued barrenness, and its only utility seems to consist in being a mark to guide ships over the waste of waters. This feeling is certainly removed on landing, and situations may be found, particularly Plantation House, the residence of the Governor, possessing much picturesque beauty; but on the whole, the strongest impression on my mind was that of surprise, that so much human industry should have been expended under such adverse circumstances, and upon such unpromising and unyielding materials.

We had heard so much at the Cape of the vicissitudes of temper to which Buonaparte was subject, that we were by no means confident of being admitted to his presence; fortunately for us, the Ex-Emperor was in good humour, and the interview took place on this day.

Lord Amherst was first introduced to Buonaparte by General Bertrand, and remained alone with him for more than an hour. I was next called in, and presented by Lord Amherst. Buonaparte having continued in discourse about half an hour, Captain Maxwell and the gentlemen of the Embassy were afterwards introduced and presented. He put questions to each, having some relation to their respective situations; and we all united in remarking that his manners were simple and affable, without wanting dignity. I was most struck with the unsubdued ease of his behaviour and appearance; he could not have been freer from embarrassment and depression in the zenith of his power at the Tuilleries.

Buonaparte rather declaimed than conversed, and during the half hour Lord Amherst and I were with him, seemed only anxious to impress his sentiments upon the recollection of his auditors, possibly for the purpose of having them repeated. His style is highly epigrammatic, and he delivered his opinion with the oracular confidence of a man accustomed to produce conviction: his mode of discussing great political questions would in another appear *charlatanerie*, but in him is only the development of the empirical system which he universally adopted. Notwithstanding the attention which he might be supposed to have given to the nature of our Government, he has certainly a very imperfect knowledge of the subject; all his observations on the policy of England, as relating to the past, or looking to the future, were adapted to a despotism; and he is either unable or unwilling to take into consideration the difference produced by the will of the monarch being subordinate, not only to the interests, but to the opinion of his people.

He used metaphors and illustrations with great freedom, borrowing the latter chiefly from medicine; his elocution was rapid, but clear and forcible, and both his manner and language surpassed my expectations. The character of his countenance is rather intellectual than commanding, and the chief peculiarity is in the mouth, the upper lip apparently changing in expression with the variety and succession of his ideas. In person Buonaparte is so far from being extremely corpulent, as has been represented, that I believe he was never more capable of undergoing the fatigues of a campaign than at present. I should describe him as short and muscular, not more inclined to corpulency than men often are at his age.

Buonaparte's complaints respecting his situation at St. Helena would not, I think have excited much attention if they had not become a subject of discussion in the House of Lords; for as he denied our right to consider him a prisoner of war,

in opposition to the most obvious principles of reason and law, it was not to be expected that any treatment he might receive consequent to his being so considered, would be acceptable. On the other hand, admitting him to be a prisoner, it is difficult to imagine upon what grounds he can complain of the limited restraint under which he is placed at St. Helena.

His complaints respecting a scanty supply of provisions and wines (for I consider Montholon as the organ of Buonaparte) are too absurd to deserve consideration, and it is impossible not to regret, that anger, real or pretended, should have induced so great a man to countenance such petty misrepresentations. I must confess that the positive statements which had been made respecting the badness of the accommodations at Longwood had produced a partial belief in my mind; even this, however, was removed by actual observation. Longwood House, considered as a residence for a Sovereign, is certainly small, and perhaps inadequate; but viewed as the habitation of a person of rank, disposed to live without show, is both convenient and respectable. Better situations may be found in the island, and Plantation House is in every respect a superior residence: but that is intended for the reception of numerous guests, and for the degree of exterior splendour belonging to the office of Governor.

The two remaining circumstances of Buonaparte's situation deserving attention, are the restraints which may affect his personal liberty, and those which relate to his intercourse with others. With respect to the first, Buonaparte assumes as a principle that his escape while watched by the forts and men of war, is impossible; and that, therefore, his liberty within the precincts of the island ought to be unfettered. The truth of the principle is obviously questionable, and the consequence is overthrown by the fact of his being a prisoner, whose detention is of importance sufficient to justify the most rigorous precautions; his own conclusion is nevertheless admitted to the extent of allowing him to go to any part of the island, provided he

be accompanied by a British officer; for all justifiable purposes this permission is sufficient; nor is it intended to be nullified in practice by undue interference on the part of the officer in attendance. For purposes of health or amusement he has a range of four miles, unaccompanied, and without being overlooked; another of eight miles, where he is partially in view of the sentries; and a still wider circuit of twelve miles, throughout which he is under their observation. In both these latter spaces he is also free from the attendance of an officer. At night indeed, the sentries close round the house. I can scarcely imagine that greater personal liberty, consistent with any pretension to security, could be granted to an individual, supposed under any restraint at all.

His intercourse with others is certainly under immediate surveillance, no person being allowed to enter the inclosure at Longwood without a pass from the Governor; but these passes are readily granted, and neither the curiosity of individuals, nor the personal gratification which Buonaparte may be expected to derive from their visits, are checked by pretended difficulties or arbitrary regulations. His correspondence is also under restraint, and he is not allowed to send or receive letters but through the medium of the Governor. This regulation is no doubt disagreeable, and may be distressing; but it is a necessary consequence of being what he now is, and what he has been.

Two motives may, I think, be assigned for Buonaparte's unreasonable complaints; the first, and principal is to keep alive public interests in Europe, but chiefly in England, where he flatters himself that he has a party; and the second, I think, may be traced to the personal character and habits of Buonaparte, who finds an occupation in the petty intrigues by which these complaints are brought forward, and an unworthy gratification in the *tracasseries* and annoyance which they produce on the spot.

If this conjecture be founded, time alone, and a conviction of their inutility, will induce Buonaparte to desist from his

complaints, and to consider his situation liberty than justifiable caution, uninfluenced by liberality, would have fewer restrictions upon his personal established.

BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

From the Literary Gazette, Oct. 25, 1817.

MR. CURRAN.

JOHAN PHILPOT CURRAN was born near the village of Newmarket, in the County of Cork in Ireland, about the middle of the last century, of a family certainly far from opulent, but apparently of those respectable habits and acquirements which, not unfrequent in the obscurity of Irish life, yet argue competence. With the usual and spirited feeling of the people, CURRAN's parents gave him the education of a gentleman; he acquired a knowledge of the Classics so sufficient as to have lasted him through life, and with little subsequent leisure for their study, he was rich and happy in quotation down to his closing display at the bar. He made his way through the Dublin University by the exertion of his early knowledge, obtained a *Scholarship*, a distinction obtainable only by a small number of the more accomplished students of two and three years' standing; and on taking his degree of A. B., gave way to the usual captivation of a Fellowship, and was near yoking his fiery spirit to the wheel. He was repelled by the unsuitableness of the preparatory studies to his tastes, and soon relinquished an object which, perfectly meritorious and honourable in its appropriate hands, would have been unfitted for a mind originally nerved for the brilliant prizes of public conflict. From this plan of lonely study he seems to have been flung back with the reaction of strong, original propensities, suddenly released from strong restraint. He became a writer of poetry and political essays in the miry journals of a time remarkable for nothing but blundering faction; he went farther, and commenced society by forming a club of festive and pauper fellow students. It would be curious to follow the various obscurities through which those convivialists wound their future way up to the world. Each had a different exfoliation, all

equally disheartening prospects, and nearly all found themselves at last let out upon the general eye near the same point of eminence. CURRAN was now cheered, and made an advance; he hired an attic, and, to complete his distinctions and his difficulties, took a wife. The part of his history connected with this lady is the least favourable to his fame. The respect and fondness which subsist through many a year of mutual uncertainty and struggle, are sometimes formidably tried by prosperity. The memory of CURRAN's domestic life may have been among the most painful retrospections of a mind of his deep sensibility. That wife survives him: there is the strongest reason to believe that she was maligned, and the purity and uncomplaining retirement in which she has passed the long period since their separation, form an almost convincing contrast to the troubled and disappointed wanderings of her celebrated husband. But if men of great genius often perish disheartened by neglect, and reluctant to take the baser means of prosperity, fortune comes, like the day, to all. If the naked and noble irritability of the superior mind makes it feel the visitations of the night more mortal, it administers to its quicker and more living sensation of the rising sunshine. Some accident on circuit revealed the man who was yet to start up into the loftiest stature of Irish talent. CURRAN was soon in the House of Commons, and remarkable among the finest circle of men that Ireland had ever thrown round her doubtful cause. His practice at the bar now increased rapidly, and he brought into the house the provocations and rivalries which stirred him at the bar. The man whom he stung most indefatigably and deeply was a powerful antagonist, FITZGIBBON, afterwards *Lord Chancellor*. This contest was a perpetual display of great legal

strength, perhaps invigorated by great natural arrogance, committed against envenomed genius ; and the House often paused to look upon a contest in which no man could decide between the lordly and stern vigour that could neither attack nor be overthrown, and the fierce energy, that, always on the wing, pounced down upon it with incessant persecution, surely marking the vital place, and, on the first motion of pursuit, wheeling upwards into a region all its own. In 1780, CURRAN eminently distinguished himself in the parliamentary labours which ensued in the Constitution. The bar subsequently engrossed him. His chief employment lay in cases requiring peculiar oratorical exhibition. A considerable number of his speeches have been published, but in a decidedly inadequate state. In 1806, after the total cessation of those public questions to which he was bound as a party man, and the accession of his friends to the ministry, he accepted the place of *Master of the Rolls* in Ireland, an appointment of 5000*l.* a year. He retained it until 1815, when his health required a cessation from its laborious attendance, and he retired on a pension of half the salary. He had for some time passed through the watering places with the season, and lately fixed himself at Brompton, where he occasionally indulged in society, and was, to his last sparkle, the most interesting, singular, and delightful of all table companions. During the present year he had suffered two slight apoplectic strokes. On the Thursday preceding his death, he had dined abroad with a party ; he was seized with apoplexy early next morning, and continued speechless, though in possession of his senses, till the early part of Tuesday the 14th, when he sunk into lethargy, and towards evening died with scarcely a struggle ; in nearly his 70th year. CURRAN'S exterior was not prepossessing on a first view. His figure was meagre and under-sized ; and his physiognomy, though obviously that of an acute man, conveyed no impression either of dignity or beauty. But he had an eye of deep black, intense and intellectual ; and when he was engaged and interested in speaking, his countenance changed into

living, ardent, almost brilliant animation. He has left two daughters and three sons, and among them a large portion of hereditary genius. His eldest son was his deputy in the *Rolls* ; his second son is in the naval service ; and his third has been lately called to the bar, with peculiar amiableness of private character, and much promise of professional distinction.

From the period in which Curran emerged from the first struggles of an unfriended man labouring up a jealous profession, his history makes a part of the annals of his country ; once upon the surface, his light was always before the eye, it never sank, and was never outshone. With great powers to lift himself beyond the reach of that tumultuous and stormy agitation that most involve the movers of the public mind in a country such as Ireland then was, he loved to cling to the heavings of the wave ; he at least never rose to that tranquil elevation in which his early contemporaries had, one by one climbed ; and never left the struggle till the storm had gone down, it is to be hoped for ever. This was his destiny, but it might have been his choice, and he was not without the reward which, to an ambitious mind, conscious of its eminent powers, might be more than equivalent to the reluctant patronage of the Throne. To his habits, legal distinctions would have been only a bounty upon his silence. His limbs would have been fettered by the ermine. But he had the compensation of boundless popular honour, much respect from the higher ranks of party, much admiration and much fear from the lower partisans. In Parliament he was the assailant most dreaded ; in the Law Courts he was the advocate whose assistance was deemed the most essential : in both he was an object of all the more powerful passions of man, but rivalry. He stood alone, and shone alone.

The connexions of his early life, and still more the native turn of his feelings, threw him into the ranks of Opposition ; in England a doubtful cause and long separable from patriotism—in Ireland, at that day, the natural direction of every man of vigorous feeling and heedless genius. Ireland had been, from causes

many and deep, an unhappy country. For centuries, utterly torpid, or only giving signs of life by the fresh gush of blood from her old wounds, the influence of England's well-intentioned policy was more than lost upon her; it was too limited to work a thorough reformation, but too strong not to irritate;—it was the application of the actual cautery to a limb, while the whole body was a gangrene. But a man who loved the influence of this noblest of countries might hate the Government of Ireland; it was a rude Oligarchy. The whole influence of the State was in the hands of a few great families. Those were the true farmers general of Ireland; and the English Minister, pressed by the business of an empire then beginning to expand over half the world, was forced to take their contract on their own terms. The Viceroy was their Viceroy, only the first figure in that deplorable triumph which led all the hopes and virtues of the country in chains behind the chariot wheels of a haughty faction. It was against this usurpation that the Irish minority rose up in naked but resolute patriotism. The struggle was not long, they hewed their way through the hereditary armour of their adversaries, with the vigour of men leagued in such a cause, and advanced their standard till they saw it waving without one to answer it. In this homage to an admirable time there is no giddy praise of popular violence. The Revolution of 1780, was to Ireland, what the Revolution of a century before had been to the paramount country, a great and reviving effort of nature to throw off that phantom which sat upon her breast, and gave her the perception of life only by the struggles that must have closed in stagnation and death. The policy of the English Minister was too enlarged to offer resistance to an impulse awaked on English principles. For him a great service had been done; the building which he had wished to shake, was cast down in dust, and the soil left open for the visitation of all the influences of good government. The country had lain before his eye a vast commonage, incapable of cultivation, and breeding only the rank and pernicious fertility of a neglected mo-

orass; but he had dreaded to disturb its multitude of lordly pauperism, and hereditary plunder. It was now cleared and enclosed for him, a noble expanse for the outpouring of all that civilization could give to its various and magnificent nature. The history of those years is yet to be written;—whenever the temple is to be erected, the name of Curran must be among the loftiest on its portal.

But the time of those displays which raised him to his highest distinction as an orator, was of a darker shade. His country had risen like the giant of Scripture, refreshed with wine; her vast, original powers doubly excited by an elating but dangerous draught of liberty. She had just reached that state in which there is the strongest demand for the wisdom of the Legislator. The old system had been disbanded, but the whole components of its strength survived. The spirit of clanship was still up and girded with its rude attachments;—the hatred of English ascendancy had sheathed the sword, but kept it still keen, and only waited the word to leap from the scabbard;—the ancient Irish habits of daring gratification among all ranks, the fallen estate of that multitude who had lived on the pay of political intrigue, the reckless poverty of that overwhelming population to which civil rights could not give bread, all formed a mass of discordant but desperate strength, which only required a sign.—The cross was at length lifted before them, and it was the lifting of a banner to which the whole darkened host looked up, as to an omen of assured victory. The Rebellion was met with manly promptitude, and the country was set at peace. Curran was the leading counsel in the trials of the conspirators, and he defended those guilty and misguided men with a vigour and courage of talent, less like the emulation of an advocate, than the zeal of a friend. He had known many of them in the intercourses of private life, some of them had been his early professional associates. A good man and a good subject might have felt for them all. The English leveller is a traitor, the Irish rebel might have been a patriot. Among us, the revolutionist sets fire to a city, a great work of the wise industry, and old, es-

established conveniency of man, a place of the temple and the palace, the treasures of living grandeur, and the monuments of departed virtue. He burns, that he may plunder among the ruins. The Irish rebel threw his fire-brand into a wilderness, and if the conflagration rose too high, and consumed some of statelier and more solid ornaments, it was sure to turn into ashes the inveterate and tangled undergrowth, that had defied his rude industry. This was the effervescence of heated and untaught minds. The world was to be older, before it learned the curse and unhappy end of the reform that begins by blood. The French Revolution had not then given its moral. It was still to the eyes of the multitude, like the primal vision in the Apocalypse, a glorious shape coming forth in unstained robes, conquering and to conquer for the world's happiness; it had not yet, like that mighty emblem, darkened down through all its shapes of terror, till it moved against the world, Death on the pale horse, followed by the unchained spirits of human evil, and smiting with plague and famine, and the sword.

Some criticism has been wasted on the presumed deficiencies of Curran's speeches on those memorable trials. Throwing off the public fact that those speeches were all uncorrected copies, Curran was of all orators the most difficult to follow by transcription. His elocution, rapid, exuberant and figurative, in a signal degree, was often compressed into a pungency which gave a sentence in a word. The word lost, the charm was undone. But his manner could not be transferred, and it was created for his style. His eye, hand, and form were in perpetual speech. Nothing was abrupt to those who could see him, nothing was lost, except when some flash would burst out, of such sudden splendour as to leave them suspended and dazzled too strongly to follow the lustres that shot after it with restless illumination. Of Curran's speeches, all have been impaired by the difficulty of the period, or the immediate circumstances of their delivery. Some have been totally lost. His speech on the trial of the two principal conductors of the conspiracy, the Shears's, barristers and men of family, was made at midnight,

and said to have been his most masterly effusion of pathetic eloquence. Of this no remnant seems to have been preserved. The period was fatal to their authenticity. When Erskine pleaded, he stood in the midst of a secure nation, and pleaded like a priest of the temple of justice, with his hand on the altar of the Constitution, and all England below prepared to treasure every fantastic oracle that came from his lips. Curran pleaded, not on the floor of a shrine, but on a scaffold, with no companions but the wretched and culpable men who were to be plunged from it hour by hour, and no hearers but the multitude, who crowded anxious to that spot of hurried execution, and then rushed away glad to shake off all remembrance of scenes which had agitated and torn every heart among them. It is this which puts his speeches beyond the estimate of the closet. He had no thought of studying the cold and marble graces of scholarship. He was a being embarked in strong emergency, a man and not a statue. He was to address men, of whom he must make himself the master. With the living energy, he had the living and regardless variousness of attitude. Where he could not impel by exhortation, or overpower by menace, he did not disdain to fling himself at their feet, and conquer by grasping the hem of their robe. For this triumph he was all things to all men. His wild wit, and far-fetched allusions, and play upon words, and extravagant metaphors, all repulsive to our cooler judgments, were wisdom and sublimity before the Juries over whom he waved his wand. Before a higher audience he might have been a model of sustained dignity;—mingling with those men, he was compelled to speak the language that reached their hearts. Curran in the presence of an Irish Jury was first of the first. He skirmished round the field, tried every point of attack with unsuspected dexterity, still pressing on, till the decisive moment was come, when he developed his force, and poured down his whole array in a mass of matchless strength, grandeur, and originality. It was in this originality that a large share of his fascination consisted. The course of other great public speakers may in general be predicted

from their outset, but in this man, the mind always full, was always varying the direction of its exuberance; it was no regular stream, rolling down in a smooth and straight-forward volume;—it had the wayward beauty of a mountain torrent, perpetually delighting the eye with some unexpected sweep through the wild and the picturesque, always rapid, always glancing back sunshine, till it swelled into sudden strength, and thundered over like a cataract. For his noblest images there was no preparation, they seemed to come spontaneously, and they came mingled with the lightest products of the mind. It was the volcano, flinging up in succession curls of vapour, and fiery rocks; all from the same exhaustless depths, and with the same unmeasured strength to which the light and the massive were equal. The writer had the fortune to hear some of those speeches, and repeats it, that to feel the full genius of the man, he must have been heard. His eloquence was not a studiously sheltered and feebly fed flame, but a torch blazing only with the more breadth and brilliancy, as it was the more broadly and boldly waved; it was not a lamp, to live in his tomb. His printed speeches lie before us, full of the errors that might convict him of an extravagant imagination and a perverted taste. But when those are to be brought in impeachment against the great orator, it must be remembered, that they were spoken for a triumph, which they gained; that we are now pausing over the rudeness and unwieldiness of the weapons of the dead, without reference to the giant's hand that with them drove the field. Curran's carelessness of fame has done this dishonour to his memory. We have but the fragments of his mind and are investigating those glorious reliques, separate and mutilated like the sculptures of the Parthenon; while they ought to have been gazed on where the great master had placed them, where all their shades and foreshortenings were relief and vigour, image above image, rising in proportioned and consecrated beauty; as statues on the face of a temple.

His career in Parliament was less memorable. But the cause lay in no deficiency of those powers which give

weight in a legislative assembly. In the few instances in which his feelings took a part, he excited the same admiration which had followed him through his professional efforts. But his lot had been cast in the courts of law, and his life was there. He came into the House of Commons wearied by the day, and reluctant to urge himself to exertions rendered less imperious by the crowd of able men who fought the battle of Opposition.—His general speeches in Parliament were the sports of the moment, the irresistible overflow of a humourous disdain of his adversary. He left the heavy arms to the habitual combatants, and amused himself with light and hovering hostility. But his shaft was dreaded, and its subtlety was sure to insinuate its way, where there was a mortal pang to be wrung. With such gifts what might not such a man have been, early removed from the low prejudices, and petty factions, and desperate objects that thickened the atmosphere of public life in Ireland, into the large prospects, and noble and healthful aspirations that elated the spirit in this country, then rising to that summit eminence from which the world at last lies beneath her. If it were permitted to enter into the recesses of such a mind, some painful consciousness of his fate would probably have been found, to account for that occasional irritation and spleen of heart, with which he shaded his public life, and disguised the homage which he must have felt for a country like England. It must have been nothing inferior to this bitter sense of utter expulsion, which could have made such a being, gazing upon her unclouded glory, lift his voice only to tell her how he hated her beams. He must have mentally measured his strength with her mighty men; BURKE and PITT and FOX were then moving in their courses above the eyes of the world, great luminaries, passing over in different orbits, but all illustrating the same superb and general system. He had one moment not unlike theirs. But the Irish Revolution of 1780 was too brief for the labours or the celebrity of patriotism, and this powerful and eccentric mind, after rushing from its darkness just near enough to be mingled with, and

glow in the system, was again hurried away to chillness and shadow beyond the gaze of mankind.

The details of Curran's private life are for the biographer. But of that portion which, lying between public labours and domestic privacy, forms the chief ground for the individual character, we may speak with no slight panegyric. Few men of his means of inflicting pain could have been more reluctant to use them; few men, whose lives passed in continual public conflict, could have had fewer personal enemies; and perhaps no man of his time has left sincerer regrets among his personal friends. He was fond of encouraging the rising talents of his profession, and gave his advice and his praise ungrudgingly, wherever they might

kindle or direct a generous emulation. As a festive companion he seems to have been utterly unequalled,—without a second or a similar;—and has left on record more of the happiest strokes of a fancy, at one classic, keen, and brilliant, than the most habitual Wit of the age. It may yet be a lesson worth the memory of those who feel themselves neglected by nature, that, with all his gifts, Curran's life was not that one which would satisfy a man desirous of being happy. But let no man imagine that the possession of the most fortunate powers is an excuse for error, still less an obstruction to the sense of holy obedience; our true emblem is in the archangel, bending with the deepest homage, as he rises the highest in intellectual glory.

CORNUCOPIA.

THE REAL CAUSE OF THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOKE.

From the London Literary Gazette, Nov. 1817.

PROFESSOR Pictet of Geneva, editor of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, paid a visit in the month of July, 1817, on board the American corvette, lying in the harbour of Genoa; the owner of which, Mr. Crowninshield, was on a voyage of pleasure, and had already visited several ports of the Mediterranean. His vessel appeared on the outside to be a master-piece of naval architecture, and the interior arrangement and furniture was so convenient and elegant, that during its stay in the harbour it was constantly full of curious and admiring visitors.

A sensible negro acted on board the vessel in the double capacity of cook and of calculator of all the nautical observations, necessary for determining the latitudes and longitudes. This negro has lived two years in one of the Sandwich islands, where Captain Cook was killed. The tradition of that event is preserved in this island (Owhyhee); and according to him the following account is given:—

Captain Cook who was in want of wood, as well as water, had perceived near the shore an old hut, which appeared to him to be neglected and gone to

decay; and the wood of which he thought to be drier than that of newly felled trees: he therefore gave orders to pull down the hut, without first having consulted the natives. Neither he nor his people, doubtless, knew (and after the turn the affair took none of them could learn) that the place was *tabooed*.*—The islanders did not hesitate a moment to prevent, by a desperate attack, an act which they considered as an impropriety; they killed some of the workmen, and put the others to flight. Probably those who escaped did not know the real cause of the attack which was so fatal to a part of the crew.

The Negro cook appeared much affected by the recollection of his abode in Owhyhee, and ardently desires to return thither. He described this island as the happiest country in the world; and his account of the moral, mild, and hospitable character of the inhabitants, forms a striking contrast to the opinion that has been formed of them, on account of that unexpected, and as it was supposed, unprovoked attack. He had learned to speak the language of the country with tolerable fluency, and some words which

* See our recent review of the *Voyage to New Zealand*, for an account of *tabooing* in that country, which affords great countenance to this story, p. 339, present number.

- he pronounced appeared to be at least as soft in their tone, as those of most of the European languages.

He was questioned respecting the cooking of the islanders, and particularly their manner of roasting hogs upon hot stones. His answers were very intelligible and clear; and he often enhanced by various gestures the clearness of his description. He bestowed great praise on the talents and the character of the king of the island. He is already possessed of a navy, and has sent ships to China. He has also a body guard, armed with muskets and lances, which they manage with dexterity. He employs himself with great ardor in the civilization of his people. The succession to the throne is hereditary, and the king has three wives.

CHESOLDEN AND THE CONVICT.

On the 13th of August, 1763, we read, "Died in Newgate, George Chippendale: he was respited in order to have his leg cut off, to try the effect of a new-invented styptic; but as it was not tried, he was pardoned on consideration of being transported for life." Lady Suffolk was early afflicted with deafness. Cheselden the skilful surgeon, then in favour at Court, persuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure her deafness by some operation on the drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict then in Newgate, who was deaf. If the man could be pardoned, he would try it, and if he succeeded, would practise the same cure on her ladyship. She obtained the pardon of the man, who was cousin to Cheselden, and who had feigned that pretended discovery to save his relation. No more was heard of the experiment: the man saved his ear too, but Cheselden was disgraced at court.—*Acker. Repos. Nov. 1817.*

From the Literary Panorama, November 1817.

ANTIENT CEREMONY.

The following curious ceremony was formerly observed on taking possession of the Duchy of Austria:—In a pleasant valley, near the town of Saint Voit, are to be seen the ruins of an ancient town, the name of which is unknown; in the neighbourhood of these remains stands a

piece of marble, on which, at the inauguration of the Duke, a peasant of a particular family possesses an hereditary right to take his station, having on his right hand a black meagre bullock, on his left a lean mare, and being at the same time surrounded by a crowd of peasants and other people. When thus prepared, the Prince, environed by his officers, advances with the standards and insignia of the Principality. Count Goritz, who is Marshal of the Court, heads the procession with twelve small standards, and is followed by all the magistrates in their robes of office, while the Prince himself appears in the habit of a simple shepherd.

His Highness is no sooner perceived by the peasant on the marble stone, than he exclaims in the Slavonian tongue, "Who is he that comes attended by such a proud magnificent train?" He is answered, "It is the prince of the country." The peasant again inquires, "Is he an equitable judge, zealous for the good of his country? Is he of a liberal disposition? Does he deserve to be honoured? Is he an observer and defender of the Catholic religion?" Being answered in the affirmative, "I desire to know," he again exclaims, "by what right he comes to take my place?" Count Goritz answers, "The favour is purchased of thee for sixty deniers; these beasts are thine; thou shalt have the clothes the prince now wears, and thy family shall be exempted from taxes." The prince then approaches the peasant, from whom he receives a box on the ear, and an exhortation to be an equitable judge. On ending his harangue he resigns his place to his prince, and retires, driving off the bullock and the mare. The prince having mounted the stone, brandishes his sword, swears to judge his people impartially, descends from the marble, goes to hear mass, quits his pastoral garb for apparel more suitable to his rank, and returns to the stone from whence he hears some causes or grievances, and receives homage for the vacant fiefs.

ETYMOLOGICAL ANECDOTE.

A dispute once arose in the way of raillery, between the Earl of Temple and the first Lord Lyttleton, on the com-

parative antiquity of their families. Lord Lyttleton contended that the name of *Grenville* was originally *Greenfield*; Lord Temple insisted it was derived from *Grande Ville*. "Well then," said Lord Lyttleton, "if you will have it so, my family may boast of the higher antiquity; for *Little towns* were certainly antecedent to *Great cities*; but if you will be content with the more humble derivation, I will give up the point, for *green fields* were certainly more ancient than either."

OLD PICTURE AT EPPING.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, October 1817.

A picture at Epping Place (once a gentleman's house, but now an inn), said to have been bought at Mr. Cross's sale at Gilson, represents a lady, apparently between 30 and 40 years old, sitting on the ground in a field, a castle at a distance; a very old man, with a long beard, rests his head on her lap; by her stands a gentleman, who points to three others coming towards them, two of whom seem near the lady's age, the third is young.

Over the head of the gentleman, who stands by the lady, are these lines:

"Madam, I pray, this one thing me shew,
What yon three be, if you them know:
What's their descent? and nativity?"

In the lower corner is the answer:

"Sir, the one by my father's side is my brother,
So is the next in right of my mother;
The third is my owne sonne lawfully begat,
And all sonnes to my husband in my lapp.
Without hurt of lineage in any degree,
Shew me in reason how this may bee."

The interpretation given of this house is as follows:

"There was old Justice Clives,
He married two wives;
By the first had a daughter, Miss Tabitha Clives.
His first wife being dead, he brought home a young
bride,
But by her had no issue, he sieken'd and died.
This buxom young widow a beauty was reckon'd,
And, spouse being dead, she soon thought of a second.
Sir John of yon Castle began his addresses,
She yields as a spouse, and, to crown their caresses,
With two fine chopping boys yon Castle she blesses.
But this union, alas! did not last many years,
The good lady dies, the whole Castle's in tears.
Sir John mourns three months for his dearest of wives,
And casts a sheep's eye at Miss Tabitha Clives.
Look here, child, a man may not marry, my life,
His grandmother, no, nor his grandfather's wife.
Pray read on without laughter, there's nothing comes
after,
That a man may not marry his wife's first husband's
daughter.
Sir John prevail'd, Miss Tabitha commences a lady
with joy,
And soon prov'd with child, and the child prov'd a
boy."

TIME'S TELESCOPE, FOR FEBRUARY.

The green moss shines with icy glare;
The long grass bends its spear-like form:
And lovely is the silvery scene

When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour,
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the flow'ret bloom.

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,
Again expand the bursting bud,
And bid the flow'ret bloom.

SOUTHEY.

SOME etymologists derive February from *Februa*, an epithet given to Juno, as the goddess of purification; while others attribute the origin of the name to *Februa*, a feast held by the Romans in this month in behalf of the manes of the deceased. The Saxons named February *sprout kele*, on account of the sprouts of the cole-wort which began to appear

in this month. SHAKSPEARE, in allusion to this month, says,

You have such a *February* face,
Full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness.

M. Acerbi thus describes a *winter in Stockholm*:—"The snow that begins to fall in the latter weeks of autumn covers and hides the streets for the space of six months, and renders them more pleasant and convenient than they are in summer or autumn. One layer of snow on another, hardened by the frost, forms a surface more equal and agreeable to walk on, which is sometimes raised more than a yard above the stones of the street. The only wheels now to be seen in Stockholm are those of small carts, employed by men-servants of families to fetch water from the pump in a cask.

This compound of cart and cask at-

ways struck me as a very curious and extraordinary object ; insomuch that I have taken the trouble of following it, in order to have a nearer view of the whimsical robe in which the frost had invested it, and particularly of the variegated and fantastical drapery in which the wheels were covered and adorned. This vehicle, with all its appurtenances, afforded to a native of Italy a very singular spectacle. The horse was wrapped up, as it seemed, in a mantle of white down, which, under his breast and belly, was fringed with points and tufts of ice. Stalactical ornaments of the same kind, some of them to the length of a foot, were also attached to his nose and mouth. The servant that attended the cart had on a frock, which was encrusted with a solid mass of ice. His eye-brows and hair jingled with icicles, which were formed by the action of the frost on his breath and perspiration. Sometimes the water in the pump was frozen, so that it became necessary to melt it by the injection of a red-hot bar of iron.

Neither men nor women carry any thing on their heads or shoulders, but employ small sledges, which they push on before them. When they come to a declivity, they rest with their left hip and thigh on the sledge, and glide down to the bottom with a velocity which, to a stranger, appears both astonishing and frightful, guiding all the while the motion of the sledge with their right foot. If you add to the objects which I have been describing, the curious appearance of the many different pelisses that are worn with the fur on the outside, you will imagine what a striking scene the streets of Stockholm present in winter to a foreigner, especially to one that came from the southern part of Europe.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY, FEB. 1.

The institution of this and the two preceding Sundays cannot be traced higher than the beginning of the sixth or the close of the fifth century. 'When the words Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima (seventieth, sixtieth, and fiftieth), were first applied to denote these three Sundays, the season of Lent had generally been extended to a fast of six weeks, that is thirty-six days, not reckoning the Sundays, which were always celebrated as festivals.'

PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, OR CANDLEMAS, FEB. 2.

This festival is of high antiquity, and the antient Christians observed it by using a great number of lights ; in remembrance, as it is supposed, of our blessed Saviour's being declared by *Simeon*, to be a light to lighten the Gentiles. This practice continued in England till the second year of Edward the Sixth, when Archbishop Cranmer forbade it by order of the then privy-council. And hence the name of Candlemas Day. The Greeks call this festival *Hypante*, which signifies the *meeting*, because *Simeon* and *Anna* met our Lord in the Temple on this day. The candles carried about on this day, were *blessed* by the priests.

This day is called 'Christ's Presentation,' 'the holiday of Saint Simeon,' and in the north of England, the 'Wives Feast Day.' At Rippon, on the Sunday before Candlemas Day, the Collegiate Church is still one continued blaze of light all the afternoon, an immense number of candles being burnt before it.

SAINT BLASE, FEB. 3.

He was bishop of Sebaste in Armenia, and suffered martyrdom in 316, under the persecution of Licinius, by command of Agricolaus, governor of Cappadocia and the lesser Armenia. His festival is kept a holiday in the Greek church on the 11th of February. In the holy wars his relics were dispersed over the West, and his veneration was propagated by many miraculous cures, especially of sore throats. He is the principal patron of the commonwealth of Ragusa. No other reason than the great devotion of the people to this celebrated martyr of the church, seems to have given occasion to the wool-combers to choose him the titular patron of their profession ; and his festival is still kept by them at Norwich with a solemn guild. Perhaps the iron combs, with which he is said to have been tormented, gave rise to this choice.

SHROVE TUESDAY, FEB. 3.

This day is also called 'Fastern's Een' and Pancake Tuesday. *Shrove* is the preterite of *shrive*, an antiquated word which signifies to hear or make confession. On this day it was usual for the people to *confess*, that they might

be the better prepared for the observation of the ensuing season of penitence, and for receiving the sacrament at Easter. It was afterwards converted into a day of idle sports and amusements.

At Ludlow, there is a singular custom on this day. A rope of 36 yards long and 3 inches thick is provided at the expense of the chamberlain or chief constable, which at three o'clock in the afternoon, is suspended at one of the market-house windows till the clock strikes four, when it is immediately thrown into the street by the chamberlain, and there seized by the hands of several hundred persons. On this occasion the inhabitants are divided into two parties, namely, *Castle* and *Broad Street* wards against those of *Old Street* and *Corve Street*. A scene of great tumult continues till one of the parties has succeeded in pulling the rope to the extremity of one of the wards.

The Popish Carnival commences from Twelfth day, and usually holds till Lent. At Rome, the Carnival lasts for nine days, and it is no where seen in such perfection as at this place. Dr. Smith thus describes it: 'The equipages on the Corso (the principal street of the city) displayed great magnificence, and a fantastic style of ornament never indulged but in Carnival time. They were preceded by running-footmen, and attended by numerous servants in splendid liveries. The great variety of droll masks on foot were by far the most diverting part of the scene. Here were numbers of coarse athletic carmen dressed as women, fanning themselves with a pretended delicacy and listlessness highly comic, and hanging on the arms of their mistresses, whose little slender figures, strutting in breeches, made no less ridiculous an appearance. This kind of metamorphosis, on such an occasion, and in such a rank, is entertaining enough, though not, in my opinion, to be tolerated in any thing like regular society. A very common character in these masquerades is a man dressed like a quaker who runs up to every body making a sort of thrilling buzzing noise with his lips, and a very idiotic stare. We could not enter much into the humour of this personage; for he never spoke, nor made any other noise than

the above. We fancied he was meant to burlesque our nation; for an Englishman is always so dressed on the Italian stage, and especially as we sometimes saw these characters shaking one another violently by the hand, in the English manner caricatured. After the promenade had continued about two hours, the coaches were all drawn up in a row on each side of the street, and foot passengers either stationed between them and the houses, or seated on rows of chairs or benches on the foot-walk, which is in some parts raised three or four feet above the central pavement. A horse race now took place.

'We mixed with the motley crowd (continues Dr. Smith) every afternoon, our English clothes serving most completely as a masquerade dress, and procuring us a number of rencounters, all of the facetious and good-humoured kind. On the last day of the Carnival, all the diversions were carried to the highest pitch. The crowd was prodigious; but although every body was full of tricks, and all distinction of ranks and persons laid aside, the whole passed off without the least ill behaviour, or any thing like a quarrel. It was the most good-humoured mob I ever saw. About dusk every body took a small lighted taper in their hands, and most people held several; happy were they who could keep the greatest number lighted, for the amusement consisted in trying to extinguish each other's candles. Some people carried large flambeaux. All the windows, and even roofs, being crowded with spectators, and scarcely any body without lights, the street looked like a starry firmament. Below were many carriages parading up and down, much more whimsical and gaudy than had yet appeared. Some resembled triumphal cars, decked with wreathes of flowers and parti-coloured lamps in festoons. The company within carried tapers, and a plentiful ammunition of sugar plums, with which they pelted their acquaintances on each side, insomuch that the field of action looked next morning as if there had been a shower of snow. These carriages contained the first company and most elegant women in Rome, fantastically dressed, but generally unmasked. They were open to

the jokes and compliments of any body who chose to stand on the steps of their coach doors, which were very low, and the ladies were not backward in repartee. When they had no answer ready, a volley of sugar-plums generally repulsed their besiegers. The ranks on the raised footway, and the crowd below, were in a continual roar of laughter, some with effusions of real humour. A few fire-works were exhibited. On the whole, we were highly entertained with this grotesque amusement, and could not but admire the perfect good-nature of the people, who could carry off such a scene without the least disorder.

ASH WEDNESDAY, OR LENT, FEB. 4.

The most rational and christian-like way of spending Lent, says Herrick, is not to show

- " A downcast look, and sowe.
- " No ; 'tis a fast to dole
- " Thy sheaf of wheat
- " And meat
- " Unto the hungry soule.
- " It is to fast from strife,
- " From old debate,
- " And hate ;
- " To circumsise thy life.
- " To show a heart grief-rent ;
- " To starve thy sin,
- " Not bin ;
- " And that's to keep thy Lent."

Lent is not of apostolic institution, nor was it known in the earlier ages of the Christian church. This day was formerly called *Caput Jejuni*, the head of the fast, and *Dies Cinerum*, or Ash-Wednesday. The latter appellation is derived from the following custom in the discipline of the ancient church. On the first day of Lent the penitents were to present themselves before the bishop, clothed in sackcloth, with naked feet, and eyes fixed upon the ground, in the presence of the principal part of the clergy belonging to his diocese, who were to be judges of the sincerity of their repentance. When these were introduced in procession into church, the bishop and the clergy, all in tears, repeated the seven penitential psalms. Then rising from prayers, they threw ashes upon them, and covered their heads with sackcloth ; declaring to them, with deep sighs, that as Adam was thrown out of Paradise, so they must be driven from the church. The bishop now commanded the proper officers to turn them out of the church-doors ; and all the clergy followed, repeating that curse upon Adam,

in the sweat of thy brows shalt thou eat bread. This penance was renewed on the Sunday following, when the sacrament was administered. The most ancient manner of observing Lent was *to refrain from all food till the evening* : for the change of diet, as of flesh for fish, was not by the ancients, accounted a fast.

It is still a custom with some old people to wear black during Lent.

SAINT AGATHA, FEB. 5.

St. Agatha suffered martyrdom under Decius in the year 251.

FEB. 8, 1587.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS BEHEADED.

This beautiful, accomplished, interesting, and unfortunate woman, after being ranked among the most abandoned of her sex for nearly two centuries, owing to the envy and malice of her rival cousin and sister, Queen Elizabeth, has at length found champions in Mr. Goodall, Mr. Tytler, and Mr. Whitaker, who have vindicated her character, and shown, that, if, in some respects, she was imprudent,—yet that she is more to be pitied than censured, and more pure than her calumniators,—and that one of her greatest errors was confiding in her who was seeking her life.

On Tuesday the 7th of February, the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and, demanding access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, 'That soul,' said she, 'is not worthy of the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner ; and though I did not expect that the queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot ;' and laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the requests contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated, with particular

earnestness, that now, in her last moments, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and, though overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief; and falling on her knees, with all her domestics around her, she thanked heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the King of France, and another to the Duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock the high sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An agnus dei hung by a pomander chain at

her peck; her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the foot of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears; and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, 'Weep not, good Melvil: there is at present great cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stewart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood.'

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as the chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and, signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the Dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to heaven in her behalf; but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other, and, falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church,

and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and, lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: 'As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins!'

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite grey with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the dean crying out, 'So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies,' the Earl of Kent alone answered, Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears; being incapable at that moment of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.*

FEB. 9, 1555.—BISHOP HOOPER BURNT.

This venerable man, one of the first victims of the 'bloody Mary,' was sent under the guard of a troop of horse towards Gloucester, where it was determined that he should be burnt in the midst of his affectionate and sorrowful flock. Being led to the stake, he was not suffered to speak to the weeping crowd, and was there used in the most barbarous manner; for the fire being made of green wood, his lower limbs were slowly consumed, while his vitals were unaffected, and he underwent the most dreadful torments for above three quarters of an hour. He bore them, however, with admirable patience and fortitude, and the last words which he was able to utter were, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!'

FEB. 10, 1430.—GOLDEN FLEECE.

This order was instituted by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in honour

* Robertson.

of a lady of Bruges, to whom he was attached.

EMBER WEEK, FEB. 11.

The Ember days are the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent, and after the 13th of December. It is enjoined by a canon of the church, 'that Deacons and Ministers be ordained but only on the Sundays immediately following these Ember feasts.'

SAINT VALENTINE, FEB. 14.

Valentine was an antient presbyter of the church: he suffered martyrdom in the persecution under Claudius II, at Rome; being beaten with clubs, and then beheaded, about the year 270.

"The day Saint Valentine,

When maids are brisk, and at the break of day
Start up and turn their pillows, curious all
To know what happy swain the fates provide
A mate for life. Then follows thick discharge
Of true-love knots and sonnets nicely penned,
But to the learned critic's eye no verse,
But prose distracted."*

HURDIS.

The first inventor of this custom (observes Mr. Hutchinson) must have been some benevolent female, who studied to encourage the intercourse of the sexes; for by such means intimacies might arise, productive of love and marriage engagements: or otherwise the first design of those lots was, that those who shared in the dances, and diversions, might have their proper partners assigned, without hazarding the confusion and displeasure which must necessarily arise in the liberty of choice.

* The following beautiful stanzas by Mrs. Robinson are an exception.

No tales of love to you I send,
No hidden flame discover,
I glory in the name of friend,
Disclaiming that of lover.
And now, while each fond sighing youth
Repeats his vows of love and truth,
Attend to this advice of mine—
With caution choose a *Valentine*.

Heed not the fop, who loves himself,
Nor let the rake your love obtain,
Choose not the miser for his pelf,
The drunkard heed with cold disdain;
The profligate with caution shun,
His race of ruin soon is run:
To none of these your heart incline,
Nor choose from them a *Valentine*.

But should some generous youth appear,
Whose honest mind is void of art,
Who shall his Maker's laws revere,
And serve him with a willing heart;
Who owns fair Virtue for his guide,
Nor from her precepts turns aside;
To him at once your heart resign,
And bless your faithful *Valentine*.

Though in this wilderness below
You still imperfect bliss shall find,
Yet such a friend will share each woe,
And bid you be to Heaven resigned:
While Faith unfolds the radiant prize,
And Hope still points beyond the skies.
At life's dark storms you'll not repine,
But bless the day of *Valentine*.

POETRY.

From the Literary Gazette, Oct. 18, 1817.

GUY LUSIGNAN.

The Moslem Bridal Song, in our last Number having excited much admiration, we have great pleasure in presenting our readers with the following not unworthy companion to it, from the same distinguished pen

LOOK on that bed,---the fetter hung
Above---the mat across it flung ;
There sleeps a slave the last, long sleep !
That eye within its socket deep,
That fallen nostril, lip like stone,
Tell that he's clay, dust, air,---is gone !
This was some outcast, sent in scorn
Among life's strugglers---to be born---
A thing, to totter on, a slave,
Till chance unloosed him for the grave !

He was a King !---aye, come and gaze
On the old man ! There lived a blaze
Of glory in the eye-ball hid
Beneath the pall of that dark lid ;
There sate upon that pallid brow
A crown ! but earth no more shall know
The lustre of thy diadem---
City of God ! Jerusalem !
His life was splendid toil, he bound
No roses in the golden round ;
His hands are scarred ;---not all the stain
Of fetters,---Ascalon's red plain,
The Moslem mother's howl can tell,
Before whose lance her first-born fell :
And thicker scars are on his breast,
But lift not now that peasant vest ;
Be reverent to the old, the brave,
The champion of the SAVIOUR's grave !
Yet he had joy before he died---
One bright, swift gleam of love and pride.
Like visions sent to gild the gloom,
Ere the pale martyr met the tomb,
He saw his royal infants,---felt
The warrior and the beauty melt
In his weak arms ;---Earth had no more ;---
Blessing he died---his course was o'er !

PULCI.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

SONNET,

*To a Bird, that haunted the waters of LACKEN,
in the Winter. By Lord THURLOW.*

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day,
Thou standest by the margin of the
pool ;
And taught by God, dost thy whole being
school
To Patience, which all evil can allay :
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey ;
And giv'n thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools nor the professor's
chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to im-
part :

He, who has not enough, for these to spare,
Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul, by brooks, and rivers
fair :
Nature is always wise in every part.
Oct. 1817.

From the European Magazine.

THE PEARL ISLAND.

A FRAGMENT.

[By the author of the "Legends of Lampidosa," &c.]

THE sun looks from his tent of gold
On Caspia's waters calm and cold,
And on that glitt'ring bark that greets
The south-gale with its store of sweets,
Like the gay raft to ocean's king
Maldivia's fragrant offering :---

Alone it comes---a fragrant boat,
Rich with a thousand painted flow'rs
From the sweet depths of Persian bow'rs,
And that most precious amber kept
From tears by faithful sea-doves wept.

Slowly and safe its treasures float,
Tho' helmless and without a guide
It skims along the sparkling tide,
As the bright taper fed with balm,
That maids send when the sea is calm,
Glides in a cocoa's perfum'd shell
With sweets (as Georgian legends tell),
To trace a wand'ring lover's track,
And tempt the waves to urge him back.

But in that floating cradle lies
A maid, whose blue half-opening eyes
Might seem the buds of Paradise,
Whence guardian Peris come to cull
The dews that virgin sleepers lull.---
She smiles, and where her cheek reposes
A blush steals o'er the silver roses ;
And the soft clinging jasmine keeps
Her balmy breathing while she sleeps.
It is the Spirit of Peace !---and where
Will this sweet bark its treasure bear ?
It rests not in the golden bay

Where Caspia's secret treasures lay,
Nor where the laughing sea-maids light
With insect-lamps the glowing waves
That glide above their diamond caves,

Till the rich surface burns more bright
Than that fam'd crystal pavement spread
O'er gems, for Saba's queen to tread.
But Peace, a spirit pure and fair,
Finds not her promis'd haven there ;

The demon of the death-mnie dwells
In that false bay of floating gold ;
And Pleasure's syren daughters hold
Their revel in those glassy cells.---

There is a city dimly seen
Beneath the deep sea's mirror green,
Where spiry roofs and trellis'd walls,
And the long pomp of pillared halls,
Seem like some eastern forest's pride,
By emeralds mock'd below the tide ;
Or like Formosa's kindred isle,
Stol'n by an envious sea-maid's guile,
With gems in many a column'd heap,
To tempt the diver to the deep.

But the mild Spirit rests not there,

For that sunk city is the wreck
Of glorious pomp, which war-fiends deck
The fearless venturer to snare,
Who 'midst those glitt'ring wrecks shall perish,
Where only mimic palm-trees flourish,
Or snatch ambition's prize to gem
His thankless monarch's diadem.
Far, far from thence the mild waves curl,
Where softly swells the Isle of Pearl,
The white isle of the blissful west,
The home of spirits pure and blest.
Nor gold, nor incense, nor the flow'rs
That tempt fond Sloth in fading bow'rs,
Dwell on that shore; but all things fair,
Gentle, and pure, are treasur'd there.
The hearts of mothers, and the dreams
Of Innocence when life is young;
The first rich radiant hope that gleams
On the proud bard whose harp is strung
In honour's praise; and that sweet thought
That longest, deepest, richest lies
In souls whose secret sacrifice
Is by the shining world unbought:—
And sisters' loves, and those dear cares
That give paternal Age repose;
And the bland charities that close
The silver veil weak Nature wears,
All shrin'd within this holy bound,
Pure in eternal light are found.
The boat is moor'd—the Seraph-maid
On this blest isle has found a shade
Beneath the bow'r of Charity,
That like the balsam-raining tree
Sheds life and freshness on whate'er
Blooms its ambrosial shadow near;
And there to mortal eyes unknown
Peace builds her everlasting throne—
But often o'er that summer-tide,
Without a helm, without a guide,
Youth's boat of flow'rs returns again
To seek the Isle of Pearl* in vain.

October 1817.

V.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW

AT THE GRAVE OF HER ONLY CHILD.

By Miss D. P. CAMPBELL.

"IN vain for me may summer's glow
Make blooming nature smile;
In vain may all the charms of spring
Adorn our happy isle.
In vain for me may zephyrs kiss
The lily's spotless breast;
In vain for me the blushing rose
In beauty's garb be dress'd;
In vain for me may pebbly brooks
And winding streamlets run;
In vain for me the rising morn,
In vain the setting sun.
My world is yonder little grave,
My all its narrow space;
My only child reposes there,
Lock'd in Death's cold embrace.
Yet peace is thine, sweet innocent!
By care nor grief oppress'd;
Thou sleep'st regardless of the pangs
That rend thy mother's breast.

* The Islet once known to mariners by this name, is said to have disappeared.

Unconscious babe! I would not wish
Thy deep repose to break;
Better in peace to slumber there,
Than like thy mother wake.
Sleep on, sleep on, my darling babe!
Till Heaven's resistless voice
Shall rouse the slumb'ers of the tomb,
And bid thy soul rejoice.
Sweet child! thine infant eyes had scarce
Beheld life's op'ning dawn,
Than thou wert fatherless, and I
A widow left to mourn.
Nor e'en the last sad grief was giv'n,
His dying form to see;
He fell upon a foreign shore,
Unwept by all but me.
Henry! thy nature suited ill
The battle's stormy rage—
Then wherefore go, my only love,
The bloody war to wage!
How happier I, didst thou repose
Beside our infant son,
Than buried thus in field of strife,
Where bloody deeds were done.
But, ah! to Heav'n's eternal throne
My ceaseless prayer shall rise,
That yet our parted souls may meet
In yonder blissful skies."
She paus'd—for now the glimm'ring east
Disturb'd the friendly gloom;
Then slowly sought with bleeding heart
Her chang'd and cheerless home.

From the Monthly Review, October 1817.

ODE TO MEMORY.

BY HENRY NEELE.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

JOB V.

AND where is he? not by the side
Whose every want he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend;
That form belov'd he marks no more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see,
Those scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair;—but where is he?
No, no, the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favourite hill,
The pleasures that were dear to him,
Are dear to life and nature still;
But ah! his home is not as fair,
Neglected must his gardens be,
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, "where is he?"
His was the pomp, the crowded hall,
But where is now this proud display?
His riches, honours, pleasures, all
Desire could frame;—but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seem'd proudly strong—and where is he?
The church-yard bears an added stone,
The fire-side shows a vacant chair,
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there;
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
Oh where are they, and where is he?